GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

EDITED BY
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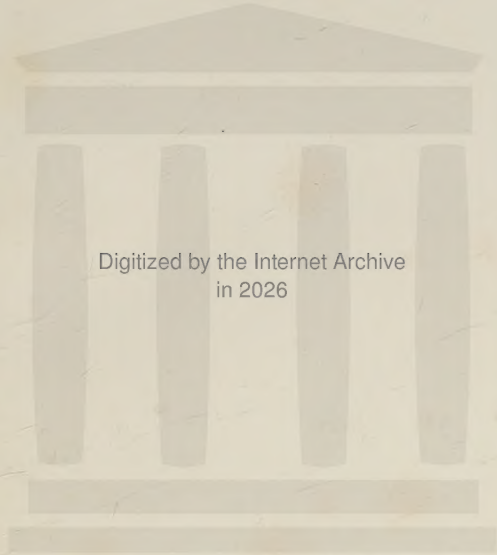

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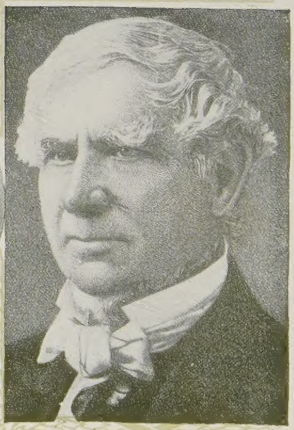

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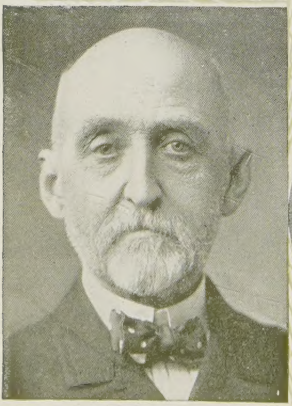

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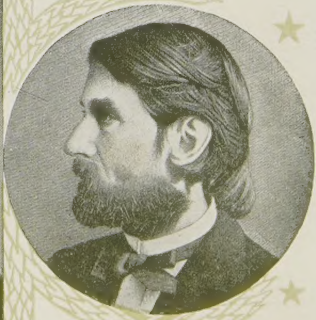

JAMES PARTON

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS

FROM COLUMBUS TO ROOSEVELT

Edited, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes

By FRANCIS W. HALSEY

Associate Editor of "The World's Famous Orations"; Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics"; author of "The Old New York Frontier," etc.

IN TEN VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

Vol. V

THE WAR OF 1812 AND AFTER
1812—1828

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INTRODUCTION

(*The War of* 1812 *and After*)

The second war with England had been long foreshadowed—in 1793, when aggressions were committed on our commerce; in 1807, when an embargo was forced upon us as the only alternative, and thereafter almost uninterruptedly until the formal declaration was made in 1812. These foreshadowings also pointed to war with France, whose offenses against our commerce had been equally exasperating, and in one period, under Napoleon, much greater than those of England. Diplomacy had been tried in vain. Six years of protest against Orders in Council restricting our trade had led only to futile results. Retaliation by non-intercourse acts and an embargo had resulted in greater harm to ourselves than to the offenders.

The young Republic, threatened as it so often had been with disintegration, now by the Federalists, now by the Republicans; with a periodical deficit in its treasury, and with 3,000 miles of ocean separating it from the offenders, was in no

condition to wage an aggressive war against Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe. It chose instead to join issue with England, the determining factor being an opportunity to make the scene of war a near neighbor—Canada. At the beginning, the war was popular throughout the country, except with New England shipmasters. Congress voted for it by 79 to 49 in the House and 19 to 13 in the Senate. With the war as a chief issue Madison was handsomely reelected. A new country of 8,000,000 people, widely scattered, and poor in credit, went to war with 20,000,000 of people who had recently driven the French navy from the sea and Napoleon's army out of Spain.

Operations began on our northern frontier. Two expeditions were dispatched to Canada, one by way of Niagara, one by Detroit. The first failed to gain possession of the country beyond a few frontier forts, the second ended in a disastrous retreat by Governor Hull, and the loss of Detroit, Fort Dearborn (Chicago), and Mackinac Island. These events, combined with hostilities from the Indians, who had long been troublesome, and were now cooperating with the British, put in peril the whole Northwest Territory—that region secured to

the colonies by George Rogers Clark in 1779, and out of which great States have since been carved. But this calamity was averted by the splendid victory of Perry on Lake Erie, and the work of our land forces at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

More memorable still were the victories won by our ships on the sea. On August 19, 1812, England's chief offender in making searches of American ships, the *Guerrière,* was captured by the *Constitution;* then the *Frolic* was captured by the *Wasp;* the *Macedonian* by the *United States,* the *Java* and other ships by the *Constitution.* Later came Macdonough's splendid victory on Lake Champlain. Six months of naval warfare led to American successes that astonished Europeans who remembered Nelson's victories at Copenhagen, Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar. One notable defeat came to us—that of Lawrence, with the *Chesapeake* lost to the *Shannon.* American privateers took up the war in 1813, and captured 400 prizes.

In spite of all these successes our merchantships had suffered badly. Altogether the English captured more than 1,600, so that, by the end of the war, the American flag had almost ceased to float on merchant ships. The war lasted nearly

three years. Its total cost has been reckoned as $100,000,000, not counting the loss in ships and other properties, and about 30,000 lives. The losses to our shipping bred growing discontent which found a voice in 1814 in the Hartford Convention of December that year. This convention was generally expected to recommend to New England an act of secession, and it did result in a declaration that, unless New England could retain the duties collected at her ports, she would withdraw from the Union. But nothing more was ever heard from that disloyal threat. One victory came to American arms after the articles of peace were signed—the battle of New Orleans, in which Andrew Jackson, with his frontier riflemen, swept away the Peninsular veterans of Packenham.

Jackson's victory and the naval victories of Perry on Lake Erie, of the *Constitution,* and Macdonough, became our chief benefits from this war. Peace left matters between us and England very much where they were in 1812. The advantages to us lay in the great and new prestige won for us in Europe by "Old Hickory" and "Old Ironsides." After 1814 our population increased rapidly. The revenues at the close of the war had fallen to

about $11,000,000, but two years later they rose to $45,000,000. Industries revived everywhere, and an era of prosperity set in such as none had dreamed possible. Andrew Jackson, who at Tallapoosa, in March, 1814, by a great victory, first broke the Indian power in the South, gave to the country further conspicuous services by invading Florida in 1818. Here the Seminoles had become troublesome to American settlers and the Spanish authorities had completely failed to preserve order. Jackson, in consequence, virtually took possession of Florida. Soon afterward Florida was annexed to the United States.

In addition to Jackson's victories over the Indians in Georgia and Florida, came in these years the victories of Harrison in the Northwest Territory, and on the Thames, in Canada, the results of which, combined with Jackson's work, were eventually to force the Indians beyond the Mississippi, and thus to open the new West to settlements. Pioneers in great volume now poured into the Middle West, until our population by 1820 had become 10,000,000.

These movements were helped forward immensely by new mechanical inventions. First of

these was the steamboat of Robert Fulton, in 1807, which by 1820 had been followed by a large use of steam navigation on inland waters, the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes. Inventions in Europe for the manufacture of cotton goods led to new and larger demands for the chief product of the South. Aided by the cotton gin, invented in 1793, and now in general use, the cotton crop enormously increased, adding to the wealth of all the States producing it. In these years plans were made for a vast system of internal improvements, including not only roads but canals, first of which was the Erie Canal, completed in 1825, and then, followed the railroad.

Along with the growth in cotton production came new demand for slaves. Now for the first time rose real danger to the Republic from the institution of slavery, a danger which thirty years afterward became grim and portentous. The issue first came to a settlement in the famous Missouri Compromise of March, 1820. The whole question was thus put quietly away for another generation. And then—"squatter sovereignty" and civil war.

F. W. H.

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THE WAR OF 1812 AND AFTER

1812—1828

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS[1]

In the first wars of the French revolution Great Britain had begun by straining the claim of belligerent, as against neutral rights, beyond all the theories of international jurisprudence, and even beyond her own ordinary practise. There is in all war a conflict between the belligerent and the neutral right, which can in its nature be settled only by convention. And in addition to all the ordinary asperities of dissension between the nation at war and the nation at peace, she had asserted a right of man-stealing from the vessels of the United States. The claim of right was to take by force all sea-faring men, her own subjects, wherever they were found by her naval officers, to serve their king in his wars. And under color of this tyrant's right, her naval officers, down to the most beardless midshipman, actually took from the American merchant vessels which they visited, any seaman whom they chose to take for a British subject. After the Treaty of November, 1794, she had relaxed all her pretensions against the neutral rights, and had gradually abandoned the practise of impressment till she was on the point of renouncing it by a formal treaty stipulation.[2]

[1] From Adams's "Life of James Madison."

[2] Carl Schurz, in his "Life of Henry Clay," says: "Truly, there were American grievances enough." Over 900 American ships "had been seized by the British and more than

At the renewal of the war, after the Peace of Amiens, it was at first urged with much respect for the rights of neutrality, but the practise of impressment was soon renewed with aggravated severity, and the commerce of neutral nations with the colonies of the adverse belligerent was wholly interdicted on the pretense of justification, because it had been forbidden by the enemy herself in the time of peace. This pretension had been first raised by Great Britain in the Seven Years' War, but she had been overawed by the armed neutrality from maintaining it in the war of the American revolution.

In the midst of this war with Napoleon, she suddenly reasserted the principle, and by a secret order in Council, swept the ocean of nearly the whole mass of neutral commerce. Her war with France spread itself all over Europe, successively involving Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. Not a single neutral power remained in Europe—and Great Britain, after annihilating at Trafalgar the united naval power of France and Spain, ruling thenceforth with undisputed dominion upon the ocean, conceived the project of engrossing even the commerce with her enemy by intercepting all neutral navigation. These measures were met by corresponding acts of violence, and sophistical

550 by the French," while the number of American citizens imprest as British seamen, or kept in prison if they refused to serve, "was reported to exceed 6,000," and it was estimated that "as many had been imprest of whom no information had been obtained." Remonstrances made by the American Government "had been treated with haughty disdain." Mr. Schurz adds that "by both belligerents the United States had been kicked and cuffed like a mere interloper among the nations of the earth."

principles of national law, promulgated by Napoleon, rising to the summit of his greatness, and preparing his downfall by the abuse of his elevation.

Through this fiery ordeal the administration of Mr. Jefferson was to pass, and the severest of its tests were to be applied to Mr. Madison. His correspondence with the ministers of Great Britain, France and Spain, and with the ministers of the United States to those nations during the remainder of Mr. Jefferson's administration, constitute the most important and most valuable materials of its history. His examination of the British doctrines relating to neutral trade will hereafter be considered a standard treatise on the Law of Nations; not inferior to the works of any writer upon those subjects since the days of Grotius, and every way worthy of the author of Publius and Helvidius. There is indeed, in all the diplomatic papers of American statesmen, justly celebrated as they have been, nothing superior to this dissertation, which was not strictly official. It was composed amid the duties of the Department of State, never more arduous than at that time—in the summer of 1806. It was published inofficially, and a copy of it was laid on the table of each member of Congress at the commencement of the session in December, 1806.

The controversies of conflicting neutral and belligerent rights continued through the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration, during the latter part of which they were verging rapidly to war. He had carried the policy of peace perhaps to an extreme. His system of defense by commercial restrictions, dry-docks, gunboats and embargoes,

was stretched to its last hair's breadth of endurance. Far be it from me to speak of this system or of its motives with disrespect. If there be a duty, binding in chains more adamantine than all the rest the conscience of a Chief Magistrate of this Union, it is that of preserving peace with all mankind—peace with the other nations of the earth—peace among the several States of this Union—peace in the hearts and temper of our own people. Yet must a President of the United States never cease to feel that his charge is to maintain the rights, the interests and the honor no less than the peace of his country—nor will he be permitted to forget that peace must be the offspring of two concurring wills; that to seek peace is not always to ensure it.

He must remember too, that a reliance upon the operation of measures, from their effect on the *interests,* however clear and unequivocal of nations, can not be safe against a counter-current of their passions; that nations, like individuals, sacrifice their peace to their pride, to their hatred, to their envy, to their jealousy, and even to the craft, which the cunning of hackneyed politicians not unfrequently mistakes for policy; that nations, like individuals, have sometimes the misfortune of losing their senses, and that lunatic communities, which can not be confined in hospitals, must be resisted in arms, as a single maniac is sometimes restored to reason by the scourge; that national madness is infectious, and that a paroxysm of it in one people, especially when generated by the Furies that preside over war, produces a counter-paroxysm in their adverse party. Such is the melancholy condition as yet of associated man.

And while in the wise but mysterious dispensations of an overruling Providence, man shall so continue, the peace of every nation must depend not alone upon its own will, but upon that concurrently with the will of all others.

And such was the condition of the two mightiest nations of the earth during the administration of Mr. Jefferson. Frantic, in fits of mutual hatred, envy and jealousy against each other; meditating mutual invasion and conquest, and forcing the other nations of the four quarters of the globe to the alternative of joining them as allies or encountering them as foes. Mr. Jefferson met them with moral philosophy and commercial restrictions, with dry-docks and gunboats—with non-intercourses, and embargoes, till the American nation were told that they could not be kicked into a war, and till they were taunted by a British statesman in the Imperial Parliament of England, with their five fir frigates and their striped bunting.

Mr. Jefferson pursued his policy of peace till it brought the nation to the borders of internal war. An embargo of fourteen months' duration was at last reluctantly abandoned by him, when it had ceased to be obeyed by the people, and State courts were ready to pronounce it unconstitutional. A non-intercourse was then substituted in its place, and the helm of State passed from the hands of Mr. Jefferson to those of Mr. Madison, precisely at the moment of this perturbation of earth and sea threatened with war from abroad and at home, but with the principle definitively settled that in our intercourse with foreign nations, reason, justice and commercial restrictions require live oak hearts and iron or brazen mouths to speak, that

they may be distinctly heard, or attentively listened to, by the distant ear of foreigners, whether French or British, monarchical or republican.

The administration of Mr. Madison was, with regard to its most essential principles, a continuation of that of Mr. Jefferson. He, too, was the friend of peace, and earnestly desirous of maintaining it. As a last resource for the preservation of it, an act of Congress prohibited all commercial intercourse with both belligerents, the prohibition to be withdrawn from either or both in the event of a repeal by either of the orders and decrees in violation of neutral rights. France ungraciously and equivocally withdrew hers. Britain refused, hesitated, and at last conditionally withdrew hers when it was too late—after a formal declaration of war had been issued by Congress at the recommendation of President Madison himself.

Of the necessity, the policy or even the justice of this war, there were conflicting opinions, not yet, perhaps never tc be, harmonized. This is not the time or the place to discuss them. The passions, the prejudices and the partialities of that day have passed away. That it was emphatically a popular war, having reference to the whole people of the United States, will, I think, not be denied. That it was in a high degree unpopular in our own section of the Union, is no doubt equally true; and that it was so, constituted the greatest difficulties and prepared the most mortifying disasters in its prosecution.

Party spirit and party feeling ran high throughout the Union, and the declaration of war was very differently received in different sections of

the Union. In the city of Boston, in full view of the old Temple of Liberty, the flags of the shipping were hoisted at half-mast, in token of mourning; while at Baltimore, a federal editor was mobbed, his office in great part demolished, one of his friends killed, and he, with others, including Henry Lee, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, but a most bitter and vindictive federal partizan, seriously injured, for having the hardihood to utter his sentiments through the columns of his paper.

In the Eastern States the opposition to the war was marked and virulent. Every one who dared to speak in defense of the administration was denounced in the most unmeasured terms, and curses and anathemas were liberally hurled from the pulpit on the heads of all those who aided, directly or indirectly, in carrying on the war. In the Middle and Southern States, public opinion was divided, tho a large majority approved the measures adopted by Congress. But in the West there was only one sentiment: love of country sparkled in every eye, and animated every heart. The importing merchants, the lawyers in the principal cities, some planters, and the clergy for the most part, were numbered in the ranks of the opposition; and the war found its most ardent and enthusiastic advocates among the farmers and planters, the mechanics, the mariners, and the laboring men.

The war itself was an ordeal through which the Constitution of the United States, as the Government of a great nation, was to pass. Its trial in that respect was short but severe. In the intention of its founders, and particularly of Mr. Madi-

son, it was a constitution essentially pacific in its character, and for a nation, above all others, the lover of peace—yet its great and most vigorous energies, and all its most formidable powers, are reserved for the state of war—and war is the condition in which the functions allotted to the separate States sink into impotence compared with those of the general Government.

The war was brought to a close without any definitive adjustment of the controverted principles in which it had originated. It left the questions of neutral commerce with an enemy and his colonies, of bottom and cargo, of blockade and contraband of war, and even of impressment, precisely as they had been before the war. With the European war all the conflicts between belligerent and neutral rights had ceased. Great Britain, triumphant as she was after a struggle of more than twenty years' duration—against revolutionary, republican and imperial France, was in no temper to yield the principles for which in the heat of her contest she had defied the power of neutrality and the voice of justice. As little were the Government or people of the United States disposed to yield principles in the defense of the rights of neutrality, and of conceding too much to the lawless pretensions of naval war.

The extreme solicitude of the American Government for the perpetuity of peace, especially with Great Britain, induced Mr. Madison to institute with her negotiations after the peace of Ghent, for the adjustment of all these questions of maritime collisions between the warlike and the pacific nation.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE"

(1812)

I

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

On August 2 the *Constitution* made sail from Boston and stood to the eastward, in hopes of falling in with some of the British cruisers. She was unsuccessful, however, and met nothing. Then she ran down to the Bay of Fundy, steered along the coast of Nova Scotia, and thence toward Newfoundland, and finally took her station off Cape Race in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where she took and burned two brigs of little value. On the 15th she recaptured an American brig from the British ship-sloop *Avenger*, tho the latter escaped; Capt. Hull manned his prize and sent her in. He then sailed southward, and on the night of the 18th spoke a Salem privateer which gave him news of a British frigate to the south; thither he stood, and at 2 P.M. on the 19th, in lat. 41° 30′ N. and 55° W., made out a large sail bearing E. S. E. and to leeward, which proved to be his old acquaintance, the frigate *Guerrière*, Captain Dacres.

It was a cloudy day and the wind was blowing

[1] From Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1882.

fresh from the northwest. The *Guerrière* was standing by the wind on the starboard tack, under easy canvas; she hauled up her courses, took in her topgallantsails, and at 4:30 backed her maintopsail. Hull then very deliberately began to shorten sail, taking in topgallantsails, staysails, and flying jib, sending down the royal-yards and putting another reef in the topsails. Soon the Englishman hoisted three ensigns, when the American also set his colors, one at each masthead, and one at the mizzen-peak.

The *Constitution* now ran down with the wind nearly aft. The *Guerrière* was on the starboard tack, and at five o'clock opened with her weather-guns, the shot falling short, then wore round and fired her port broadside, of which two shots struck her opponent, the rest passing over and through her rigging. As the British frigate again wore to open with her starboard battery, the *Constitution* yawed a little and fired two or three of her port bow guns. Three or four times the *Guerrière* repeated this maneuver, wearing and firing alternate broadsides, but with little or no effect, while the *Constitution* yawed as often to avoid being raked, and occasionally fired one of her bow guns. This continued nearly an hour, as the vessels were very far apart when the action began, hardly any loss or damage being inflicted by either party. At 6:00 the *Guerrière* bore up and ran off under her topsails and jib, with the wind almost astern, a little on her port quarter; when the *Constitution* set her maintopgallantsail and foresail, and at 6:05 closed within half pistol-shot distance on her adversary's port beam.

Immediately a furious cannonade opened, each

ship firing as the guns bore. By the time the ships were fairly abreast, at 6:20, the *Constitution* shot away the *Guerrière's* mizzen-mast, which fell over the starboard quarter, knocking a large hole in the counter, and bringing the ship round against her helm. Hitherto she had suffered very greatly and the *Constitution* hardly at all. The latter, finding that she was ranging ahead, put her helm aport and then luffed short round her enemy's bows, delivering a heavy raking fire with the starboard guns and shooting away the *Guerrière's* mainyard. Then she wore and again passed her adversary's bows, raking with her port guns. The mizzenmast of the *Guerrière,* dragging in the water, had by this time pulled her bow round till the wind came on her starboard quarter; and so near were the two ships that the Englishman's bowsprit passed diagonally over the *Constitution's* quarter-deck, and as the latter ship fell off it got foul of her mizzen-rigging, and the vessels then lay with the *Guerrière's* starboard-bow against the *Constitution's* port, or lee quarter-gallery. The Englishman's bow guns played havoc with Captain Hull's cabin, setting fire to it; but the flames were soon extinguished by Lieutenant Hoffmann. On both sides the boarders were called away; the British ran forward, but Captain Dacres relinquished the idea of attacking when he saw the crowds of men on the American's decks.

Meanwhile, on the *Constitution,* the boarders and marines gathered aft, but such a heavy sea was running that they could not get on the *Guerrière.* Both sides suffered heavily from the closeness of the musketry fire; indeed, almost the entire loss on the *Constitution* occurred at this juncture.

As Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, sprang upon the taffrail to leap on the enemy's decks, a British marine shot him dead; Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant, and Mr. Alwyn, the master, had also both leapt on the taffrail, and both were at the same moment wounded by the musketry fire. On the *Guerrière* the loss was far heavier, almost all the men on the forecastle being picked off. Captain Dacres himself was shot in the back and severely wounded by one of the American mizzen-topmen, while he was standing on the starboard forecastle hammocks cheering on his crew; two of the lieutenants and the master were also shot down.

The ships gradually worked round till the wind was again on the port quarter, when they separated, and the *Guerrière's* foremast and mainmast at once went by the board, and fell over on the starboard side, leaving her a defenseless hulk, rolling her main-deck guns into the water. At 6:30 the *Constitution* hauled aboard her tacks, ran off a little distance to the eastward, and lay to. Her braces and standing and running rigging were much cut up and some of the spars wounded, but a few minutes sufficed to repair damages, when Captain Hull stood under his adversary's lee, and the latter at once struck, at 7:00 P.M., just two hours after she had fired the first shot. On the part of the *Constitution,* however, the actual fighting, exclusive of six or eight guns fired during the first hour, while closing, occupied less than 30 minutes. . . .

The *Constitution* had, about 456 men aboard, while the *Guerrière's* crew, 267 prisoners, were received aboard the *Constitution;* deducting 10 who were Americans and would not fight, and adding

the 15 killed outright, we get 272; 28 men were absent in prizes.

COMPARATIVE FORCE

	Tons	Guns	Broad-side	Men	Loss	Com-parative Force	Comparative loss Inflicted
Constitution	1576	27	684	456	14	1.00	1.00
Guerrière	1338	25	556	272	79	.70	.18

The loss of the *Constitution* included Lieutenant William S. Bush, of the marines, and six seamen killed, and her first lieutenant, Charles Morris, Master, John C. Alwyn, four seamen, and one marine, wounded. Total, seven killed and seven wounded. Almost all this loss occurred when the ships came foul, and was due to the *Guerrière's* musketry and the two guns in her bridle-ports.

The *Guerrière* lost 23 killed and mortally wounded, including her second lieutenant, Henry Ready, and 56 wounded severely and slightly, including Captain Dacres himself, the first lieutenant, Bartholomew Kent, Master, Robert Scott, two master's mates, and one midshipman. . . .

The British laid very great stress on the rotten and decayed condition of the *Guerrière;* mentioning in particular that the mainmast fell solely because of the weight of the falling foremast. But it must be remembered that until the action occurred she was considered a very fine ship. Thus, in Brighton's "Memoir of Admiral Broke," it is declared that Dacres freely exprest the opinion that she could take a ship in half the time the *Shannon* could. The fall of the mainmast occurred when the fight was practically over; it had no influence whatever on the conflict. It was also

asserted that her powder was bad, but on no authority; her first broadside fell short, but so, under similar circumstances, did the first broadside of the *United States*.

None of these causes account for the fact that her shot did not hit. Her opponent was of such superior force—nearly in the proportion of 3 to 2—that success would have been very difficult in any event, and no one can doubt the gallantry and pluck with which the British ship was fought; but the execution was very greatly disproportioned to the force. The gunnery of the *Guerrière* was very poor, and that of the *Constitution* excellent; during the few minutes the ships were yard-arm and yard-arm, the latter was not hulled once, while no less than thirty shot took effect on the former's engaged side, five sheets of copper beneath the bends. The *Guerrière*, moreover, was out-maneuvered; "in wearing several times and exchanging broadsides in such rapid and continual changes of position, her fire was much more harmless than it would have been if she had kept more steady." The *Constitution* was handled faultlessly; Captain Hull displayed the coolness and skill of a veteran in the way in which he managed, first to avoid being raked, and then to improve the advantage which the precision and rapidity of his fire had gained.

The disparity of force, 10 to 7, is not enough to account for the disparity of execution, 10 to 2. Of course, something must be allowed for the decayed state of the Englishman's masts, altho I really do not think it had any influence on the battle, for he was beaten when the mainmast fell; and it must be remembered, on the other

hand, that the American crew was absolutely new, while the *Guerrière* was manned by old hands. So that, while admitting and admiring the gallantry, and, on the whole, the seamanship, of Captain Dacres and his crew, and acknowledging that he fought at a great disadvantage, especially in being short-handed, yet all must acknowledge that the combat showed a marked superiority, particularly in gunnery, on the part of the Americans. Had the ships not come foul, Captain Hull would probably not have lost more than three or four men; as it was, he suffered but slightly.

That the *Guerrière* was not so weak as she was represented to be can be gathered from the fact that she mounted two more main-deck guns than the rest of her class; thus carrying on her main-deck 30 long 18-pounders in battery to oppose to the 30 long 24's, or rather (allowing for the short weight of shot) long 22's, of the *Constitution.* Characteristically enough, James, tho he carefully reckons in the long bow-chasers in the bridle-ports of the *Argus* and *Enterprise,* yet refuses to count the two long eighteens mounted through the bridle-ports on the *Guerrière's* main-deck. Now, as it turned out, these two bow guns were used very effectively, when the ships got foul, and caused more damage and loss than all of the other main-deck guns put together.

II

THE REPORT OF CAPT. WILLIAM ORME, WHO WAS ON BOARD THE "GUERRIÈRE"

I commanded the American brig *Betsey,* in the year 1812, and was returning home from Naples, Italy, to Boston. When near the western edge of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, on the 10th of August, 1812, I fell in with the British frigate *Guerrière,* Captain Dacres, and was captured by him. Myself and a boy were taken on board of the frigate; the remainder of my officers and men were left in the *Betsey,* and sent into Halifax, N.S., as a prize to the *Guerrière.*

On the 19th of the same month, the wind being fresh from the northward, the *Guerrière* was under double-reefed topsails during all the forenoon of this day. At 2 P.M. we discovered a large sail to windward, bearing about North from us. We soon made her out to be a frigate. She was steering off from the wind, with her head to the southwest, evidently with the intention of cutting us off as soon as possible.

Signals were soon made by the *Guerrière,* but as they were not answered, the conclusion of course was, that she was either a French or an American frigate. Captain Dacres appeared anxious to ascertain her character, and after looking at her for

[1] Captain Orme was an American naval officer who had been captured by the *Guerrière* off Newfoundland only a few days before the battle with the *Constitution.* His account is printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

that purpose, handed me his spy-glass, requesting me to give him my opinion of the stranger. I soon saw from the peculiarity of her sails, and from her general appearance, that she was, without doubt, an American frigate, and communicated the same to Captain Dacres. He immediately replied, that he thought she came down too boldly for an American, but soon after added, "The better he behaves, the more honor we shall gain by taking him."

The two ships were rapidly approaching each other, when the *Guerrière* backed her maintopsail, and waited for her opponent to come down, and commence the action. He then set an English flag at each masthead, beat to quarters, and made ready for the fight. When the strange frigate came down to within two or three miles distance, he hauled upon the wind, took in all his light sails, reefed his topsails, and deliberately prepared for action. It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he filled away and ran down for the *Guerrière*. At this moment, Captain Dacres politely said to me: "Captain Orme, as I suppose you do not wish to fight against your own countrymen, you are at liberty to go below the water-line." It was not long after this before I retired from the quarter-deck to the cockpit.

Of course I saw no more of the action until the firing ceased, but I heard and felt much of its effects; for soon after I left the deck, the firing commenced on board the *Guerrière,* and was kept up almost constantly until about six o'clock, when I heard a tremendous explosion from the opposing frigate. The effect of her shot seemed to make the *Guerrière* reel and tremble as tho she had received the shock of an earthquake. Immediately

after this, I heard a tremendous crash on deck, and was told the mizzenmast was shot away. In a few moments afterward the cockpit was filled with wounded men.

At about half-past six o'clock in the evening, after the firing had ceased, I went on deck, and there beheld a scene which it would be difficult to describe: all the *Guerrière's* masts were shot away, and as she had no sails to steady her, she lay rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. The decks were covered with blood, the gun tackles were not made fast, and several of the guns got loose, and were surging to and fro from one side to the other.

Some of the petty officers and seamen, after the action, got liquor, and were intoxicated; and what with the groans of the wounded, the noise and confusion of the enraged survivors on board of the ill-fated ship, rendered the whole scene fearful beyond description.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "SHANNON"

(1813)

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

At midday of June 1, 1812, the *Chesapeake* weighed anchor, stood out of Boston Harbor, and at 1 P.M. rounded the Lighthouse. The *Shannon* stood off under easy sail, and at 3:40 hauled up and reefed topsails. At 4 P.M., she again bore away with her foresail brailed up, and her maintopsail braced flat and shivering, that the *Chesapeake* might overtake her. An hour later, Boston Lighthouse bearing west distant about six leagues, she again hauled up, with her head to the southeast, and lay to under topsails, topgallantsails, jib, and spanker. Meanwhile, as the breeze freshened the *Chesapeake* took in her studdingsails, topgallant sails, and royals, got her royal-yards on deck, and came down very fast under topsails and jib. At 5:30, to keep under command and be able to wear if necessary, the *Shannon* filled her maintopsail and kept a close luff, and then again let the sail shiver.

At 5:25 the *Chesapeake* hauled up her foresail, and, with three ensigns flying, steered straight for

[1] From Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1882.

the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. Broke was afraid that Lawrence would pass under the *Shannon's* stern, rake her, and engage her on the quarter; but either overlooking or waiving this advantage, the American captain luffed up within fifty yards upon the *Shannon's* starboard quarter, and squared his main-yard. On board the *Shannon* the captain of the 14th gun, William Mindham, had been ordered not to fire till it bore into the second main-deck port forward; at 5:50 it was fired, and then the other guns in quick succession from aft forward, the *Chesapeake* replying with her whole broadside. At 5:53 Lawrence, finding he was forging ahead, hauled up a little. The *Chesapeake's* broadsides were doing great damage, but she herself was suffering even more than her foe; the men in the *Shannon's* tops could hardly see the deck of the American frigate through the cloud of splinters, hammocks, and other wreck that was flying across it. Man after man was killed at the wheel; the fourth lieutenant, the master, and the boatswain were slain; and at 5:56, having had her jib sheet and foretop-sail tie shot away, and her spanker brails loosened so that the sail blew out, the *Chesapeake* came up into the wind somewhat, so as to expose her quarter to her antagonist's broadside, which beat in her stern-ports and swept the men from the after guns. One of the arm-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand-grenade thrown from the *Shannon*.

The *Chesapeake* was now seen to have sternway on and to be paying slowly off; so the *Shannon* put her helm a-starboard and shivered her mizzentopsail, so as to keep off the wind and delay the boarding. But at that moment her jib

stay was shot away, and her headsails becoming becalmed, she went off very slowly. In consequence, at 6 P.M. the two frigates fell aboard, the *Chesapeake's* quarter pressing upon the *Shannon's* side just forward the starboard main-chains, and the frigates were kept in this position by the fluke of the *Shannon's* anchor catching in the *Chesapeake's* quarter port.

The *Shannon's* crew had suffered severely, but not the least panic or disorder existed among them. Broke ran forward, and seeing his foes flinching from the quarter-deck guns, he ordered the ships to be lasht together, the great guns to cease firing, and the boarders to be called. The boatswain, who had fought in Rodney's action, set about fastening the vessels together, which the grim veteran succeeded in doing, tho his right arm was literally hacked off by a blow from a cutlass. All was confusion and dismay on board the *Chesapeake.* Lieutenant Ludlow had been mortally wounded and carried below; Lawrence himself, while standing on the quarter-deck, fatally conspicuous by his full-dress uniform, and commanding stature, was shot down, as the vessels closed, by Lieutenant Law of the British marines. He fell dying, and was carried below, exclaiming: "Don't give up the ship"—a phrase that has since become proverbial among his countrymen. The third lieutenant, Mr. W. S. Cox, came on deck, but utterly demoralized by the aspect of affairs, he basely ran below without staying to rally the men, and was court-martialled afterward for so doing.

At 6:02 Captain Broke stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail on to the muzzle of the *Chesapeake's* aftermost carronade, and thence over the

bulwark on to her quarter-deck, followed by about twenty men. As they came aboard, the *Chesapeake's* foreign mercenaries and the raw natives of the crew deserted their quarters; the Portuguese boatswain's mate removed the gratings of the berth-deck, and he ran below, followed by many of the crew, among them one of the midshipmen named Deforest. On the quarter-deck almost the only man that made any resistance was the chaplain, Mr. Livermore, who advanced, firing his pistol at Broke, and in return nearly had his arm hewed off by a stroke from the latter's broad Toledo blade. On the upper deck the only men who behaved well were the marines, but of their original number of 44 men, fourteen, including Lieutenant James Broom and Corporal Dixon, were dead, and twenty, including Sergeants Twin and Harris, wounded, so that there were left but one corporal and nine men, several of whom had been knocked down and bruised, tho reported unwounded.

There was thus hardly any resistance, Captain Broke stopping his men for a moment till they were joined by the rest of the boarders under Lieutenants Watt and Falkiner. The *Chesapeake's* mizzentopmen began firing at the boarders, mortally wounding a midshipman, Mr. Samwell, and killing Lieutenant Watt; but one of the *Shannon's* long nines was pointed at the top and cleared it out, being assisted by the English maintopmen, under Midshipman Coshnahan. At the same time the men in the *Chesapeake's* maintop were driven out of it by the fire of the *Shannon's* foretopmen, under Midshipman Smith. Lieutenant George Budd, who was on the main-deck, now for the first time learned that the English had boarded, as the

upper-deck men came crowding down, and at once called on his people to follow him; but the foreigners and novices held back, and only a few of the veterans followed him up.

As soon as he reached the spar-deck, Budd, followed by only a dozen men, attacked the British as they came along the gangways, repulsing them for a moment, and killing the British purser, Aldham, and captain's clerk, Dunn; but the handful of Americans were at once cut down or dispersed, Lieutenant Budd being wounded and knocked down the main-hatchway. "The enemy," writes Captain Broke, "fought desperately, but in disorder." Lieutenant Ludlow, already mortally wounded, struggled up on deck, followed by two or three men, but was at once disabled by a saber cut. On the forecastle a few seamen and marines turned to bay. Captain Broke was still leading his men with the same brilliant personal courage he had all along shown. Attacking the first American, who was armed with a pike, he parried a blow from it, and cut down the man; attacking another he was himself cut down, and only saved by the seaman Mindham, already mentioned, who slew his assailant. One of the American marines, using his clubbed musket, killed an Englishman, and so stubborn was the resistance of the little group that for a moment the assailants gave back, having lost several killed and wounded; but immediately afterward they closed in and slew their foes to the last man.

The British fired a volley or two down the hatchway, in response to a couple of shots fired up; all resistance was at an end, and at 6:05, just fifteen minutes after the first gun had been fired, and not

five after Captain Broke had come aboard, the colors of the *Chesapeake* were struck. Of her crew of 379 men, 61 were killed or mortally wounded, including her captain, her first and fourth lieutenants, the lieutenant of marines, the master (White), boatswain (Adams), and three midshipmen, and 85 severely and slightly wounded, including both her other lieutenants, five midshipmen, and the chaplain; total, 148; the loss falling almost entirely upon the American portion of the crew.

Of the *Shannon's* men, 33 were killed outright or died of their wounds, including her first lieutenant, purser, captain's clerk, and one midshipman, and 50 wounded, including the captain himself and the boatswain; total, 83.

The *Chesapeake* was taken into Halifax, where Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were both buried with military honors. Captain Broke was made a baronet, very deservedly, and Lieutenants Wallis and Falkiner were both made commanders.

The British writers accuse some of the American crew of treachery; the Americans in turn, accuse the British of revolting brutality. Of course in such a fight things are not managed with urbane courtesy, and, moreover, writers are prejudiced. Those who would like to hear one side are referred to James; if they wish to hear the other, to the various letters from officers published in "Niles' Register," especially Vol. V, p. 142.

Neither ship had lost a spar, but all the lower masts, especially the two mizzenmasts, were badly wounded. The Americans at that period were fond of using bar shot, which were of very questiona-

ble benefit, being useless against a ship's hull, tho said to be sometimes of great help in unrigging an antagonist from whom one was desirous of escaping, as in the case of the *President* and *Endymion*.

It is thus seen that the *Shannon* received from shot alone only about half the damage the *Chesapeake* did; the latter was thoroughly beaten at the guns, in spite of what some American authors say to the contrary. And her victory was not in the slightest degree to be attributed to, tho it may have been slightly hastened by accident. Training and discipline won the victory, as often before; only in this instance the training and discipline were against us.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE

(1813)

BY FENIMORE COOPER[1]

In the course of the winter of 1812-13, Captain O. H. Perry, then a young master and commander at the head of the flotilla of gunboats, at Newport, Rhode Island, finding no immediate prospect of getting to sea in a sloop of war, volunteered for the lake service. Captain Perry brought on with him a number of officers, and a few men, and Commodore Chauncey gladly availed himself of the presence of an officer of his rank, known spirit, and zeal, to send him on the upper lakes, in command, where he arrived in the course of the winter. From this time, until the navigation opened, Captain Perry was actively employed, under all the embarrassments of his frontier position, in organizing and creating a force, with which he might contend with the enemy for the mastery of those important waters. Two large brigs, to mount twenty guns each, were laid down at Presque Isle,[2] and a few gun-vessels, or schooners, were also commenced. The spring passed in procuring guns, shot, and other supplies; and, as circumstances allowed, a draft of men would arrive from below, to aid in equipping the different vessels.

[1] From Cooper's "History of the Navy of the United States."

[2] Now Erie, Pa.

As soon as the squadron of Commodore Chauncey appeared off the mouth of Niagara, Captain Perry, with some of his officers, went to join it, and the former was efficiently employed in superintending the disembarkation of the troops. The fall of Fort George produced that of Fort Erie, when the whole of the Niagara frontier came under the control of the American army.

Captain Perry now repaired to his own command, and with infinite labor, he succeeded in getting the vessels that had so long been detained in the Niagara, by the enemy's batteries, out of the river. This important service was effected by the 12th of June, and preparations were immediately commenced for appearing on the lake. These vessels consisted of the brig *Caledonia* (a prize), and the schooners *Catherine, Ohio,* and *Amelia;* with the sloop *Contractor.* The *Catherine* was named the *Somers,* the *Amelia* the *Tigress,* and the *Contractor* the *Trippe.* At this time, the enemy had a cruising force under the orders of Captain Finnis, which consisted of the *Queen Charlotte,* a ship of between three and four hundred tons, and mounting 17 guns; the *Lady Prevost,* a fine warlike schooner, of about two hundred tons, that mounted 13 guns; the brig *Hunter,* a vessel a little smaller, of 10 guns, and three or four lighter cruisers. He was also building, at Malden, a ship of near five hundred tons measurement, that was to mount 19 guns, and which was subsequently called the *Detroit.*

It was near the middle of June before Captain Perry was ready to sail from the outlet of Lake Erie,[3] for Presque Isle. There being no intention

[3] That is, from where now stands the city of Buffalo.

to engage the enemy, and little dread of meeting him in so short a run, as she came in sight of her port each vessel made the best of her way. The enemy had chosen this moment to look into Presque Isle, and both squadrons were in view from the shore, at the same time, tho, fortunately for the Americans, the English did not get a sight of them until they were too near the land to be intercepted. As the last vessel got in, the enemy hove in sight, in the offing. The two brigs laid down in the winter, under the directions of Commodore Chauncey, had been launched toward the close of May, and were now in a state of forwardness. They were called the *Lawrence* and the *Niagara.*

Presque Isle, or, as the place is now called, Erie, was a good and spacious harbor; but it had a bar on which there was less than seven feet of water. This bar, which had hitherto answered the purposes of a fortification, now offered a serious obstruction to getting the brigs on the lake. It lay about half a mile outside, and offered great advantages to the enemy for attacking the Americans while employed in passing it. So sensible was Captain Perry of this disadvantage, that he adopted the utmost secrecy in order to conceal his intentions, for it was known that the enemy had spies closely watching his movements. . . .

The American squadron now consisted of the *Lawrence,* 20, Captain Perry; *Niagara,* 20, Captain Elliott; *Caledonia,* 3, Mr. McGrath, a purser; *Ariel,* 4, Lieutenant Packett; *Trippe,* 1, Lieutenant Smith; *Tigress,* 1, Lieutenant Conklin; *Somers,* 2, Mr. Alney; *Scorpion,* 2, Mr. Champlin; *Ohio,* 1, Mr. Dobbins; and *Porcupine,* 1, Mr. Senatt. On the 18th of August this force sailed from Erie, and

off Sandusky, a few days later, it chased, and was near capturing, one of the enemy's schooners. The squadron cruised for several days, near the entrance of the strait, when Captain Perry was taken ill with the fever peculiar to these waters, and shortly after the vessels went into Put-in Bay, a harbor, among some islands that lay at no great distance. . . .

While in port, on this occasion, Captain Perry contemplated an attack on the enemy's vessels, by means of boats; and orders were issued accordingly, to drill the people with muffled oars. The squadron was still lying at Put-in Bay on the morning of the 10th of September, when, at daylight, the enemy's ships were discovered at the northwest from the mast-head of the *Lawrence*. A signal was immediately made for all the vessels to get under way. . . .

The English vessels presented a very gallant array, and their appearance was beautiful and imposing. Their line was compact, with the heads of the vessels still to the southward and westward; their ensigns were just opening to the air; their vessels were freshly painted, and their canvass was new and perfect. The American line was more straggling. The order of battle required them to form within half a cable's length of each other, but the schooners astern could not close with the vessels ahead, which sailed faster, and had more light canvass, until some considerable time had elapsed.

A few minutes before twelve, the *Detroit* threw a twenty-four-pound shot at the *Lawrence*, then on her weather quarter, distant between one and two miles. Captain Perry now passed an order

by trumpet, through the vessels astern, for the line to close to the prescribed order; and soon after the *Scorpion* was hailed, and directed to begin with her long gun. At this moment, the American vessels in line were edging down upon the English, those in front being necessarily nearer to the enemy than those more astern, with the exception of the *Ariel* and *Scorpion*, which two schooners had been ordered to keep well to windward of the *Lawrence*. As the *Detroit* had an armament of long guns, Captain Barclay manifested his judgment in commencing the action in this manner; and in a short time, the firing between that ship, the *Lawrence*, and the two schooners at the head of the American line, got to be very animated.

The *Lawrence* now showed a signal for the squadron to close, each vessel in her station, as previously designated. A few minutes later the vessels astern began to fire, and the action became general but distant. The *Lawrence*, however, appeared to be the principal aim of the enemy, and before the firing had lasted any material time, the *Detroit*, *Hunter*, and *Queen Charlotte* were directing most of their efforts against her. The American brig endeavored to close, and did succeed in getting within reach of canister, tho not without suffering materially, as she fanned down upon the enemy. At this time, the support of the two schooners ahead, which were well commanded and fought, was of the greatest moment to her; for the vessels astern, tho in the line, could be of little use in diverting the fire, on account of their positions and the distance. After the firing had lasted some time, the *Niagara* hailed the *Caledonia*, and directed the latter to make room for the former

to pass ahead. Mr. Turner put his helm up in the most dashing manner, and continued to near the enemy, until he was closer to his line, perhaps, than the commanding vessel; keeping up as warm a fire as his small armament would allow. The *Niagara* now became the vessel next astern of the *Lawrence.* . . .

Captain Perry, finding himself in a vessel that had been rendered nearly useless by the injuries she had received, and which was dropping out of the combat, got into his boat, and pulled after the *Niagara,* on board of which vessel he arrived at about half-past 2. Soon after, the colors of the *Lawrence* were hauled down, that vessel being literally a wreck. . . .

When the enemy saw the colors of the *Lawrence* come down, he confidently believed that he had gained the day. His men appeared over the bulwarks of the different vessels and gave three cheers. For a few minutes, indeed, there appears to have been, as if by common consent, nearly a general cessation in the firing, during which both parties were preparing for a desperate and final effort. The wind had freshened, and the position of the *Niagara,* which brig was now abeam of the leading English vessel, was commanding; while the gun-vessels astern, in consequence of the increasing breeze, were enabled to close very fast.

At 45 minutes past 2, or when time had been given to the gun-vessels to receive the order mentioned, Captain Perry showed the signal from the *Niagara,* for close action, and immediately bore up, under his foresail, topsails, and topgallantsail. As the American vessels hoisted their answering flags, this order was received with three

cheers, and it was obeyed with alacrity and spirit. The enemy had attempted to wear round, to get fresh broadsides to bear, in doing which his line got into confusion, and the two ships for a short time were foul of each other, while the *Lady Prevost* had so far shifted her berth as to be both to the westward and to the leeward of the *Detroit.*

At this critical moment, the *Niagara* came steadily down, within half pistol-shot of the enemy, standing between the *Chippewa* and *Lady Prevost,* on one side, and the *Detroit, Queen Charlotte,* and *Hunter,* on the other. In passing, she poured in her broadsides, starboard and larboard, ranged ahead of the ships, luffed athwart their bows, and continued delivering a close and deadly fire. The shrieks from the *Detroit* proclaimed that the tide of battle had turned. At the same moment, the gun-vessels and *Caledonia* were throwing in close discharges of grape and canister astern. A conflict so fearfully close, and so deadly, was necessarily short. In fifteen or twenty minutes after the *Niagara* bore up, a hail was passed among the small vessels, to say that the enemy had struck, and an officer of the *Queen Charlotte* appeared on the taffrail of that ship, waving a white handkerchief, bent to a boarding-pike. . . .

In this decisive action, so far as their people were concerned, the two squadrons suffered in nearly an equal degree, the manner in which the *Lawrence* was cut up being almost without an example in naval warfare. It is understood that when Captain Perry left her she had but one gun on her starboard side, or that on which she was engaged, which could be used, and that gallant officer is said to have aided in firing it in person the

last time it was discharged. Of her crew, 22 were killed and 61 were wounded, most of the latter severely. When Captain Perry left her, taking with him his own brother and six of his people, there remained on board but 14 sound men. The *Niagara* had 2 killed, and 25 wounded, or about one-fourth of all at quarters. This was the official report; but, according to the statement of her surgeon, her loss was 5 killed and 27 wounded. The other vessels suffered relatively less. . . .

It is not easy to make a just comparison between the forces of the hostile squadrons on this occasion. In certain situations the Americans would have been materially superior, while in others the enemy might possess the advantage in perhaps an equal degree. In the circumstances under which the action was actually fought, the peculiar advantages and disadvantages were nearly equalized, the lightness of the wind preventing either of the two largest of the American vessels from profiting by its peculiar mode of efficiency, until quite near the close of the engagement, and particularly favoring the armament of the *Detroit;* while the smoothness of the water rendered the light vessels of the Americans very destructive as soon as they could be got within a proper range. The *Detroit* has been represented, on good authority, to have been both a heavier and stronger ship than either of the American brigs, and the *Queen Charlotte* proved to be a much finer vessel than had been expected; while the *Lady Prevost* was found to be a large, warlike schooner. It was, perhaps, unfortunate for the enemy that the armaments of the two last were not available under the circumstances which rendered the *Detroit* so efficient, as it destroyed the

unity of his efforts. In short, the battle, for near half its duration, appears to have been fought, so far as efficiency was concerned, by the long guns of the two squadrons. This was particularly favorable to the *Detroit* and to the American gun-vessels; while the latter fought under the advantages of smooth water, and the disadvantages of having no quarters. The sides of the *Detroit,* which were unusually stout, were filled with shot that did not penetrate. . . .

For his conduct in this battle, Captain Perry received a gold medal from Congress. Captain Elliott also received a gold medal. Rewards were bestowed on the officers and men generally, and the nation has long considered this action one of its proudest achievements on the water.

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES

(1813)

BY HENRY M. BRECKENRIDGE[1]

On the 5th of October they reached the place where the enemy had encamped the night before. Colonel Wood was now sent forward by the commander-in-chief to reconnoiter the British and Indian forces; and he very soon returned with information that they had made a stand a few miles distant and were ready for action. General Proctor had drawn up his regular forces across a narrow strip of land covered with beech trees, flanked on one side by a swamp, and on the other by the river; their left rested on the river supported by the larger portion of their artillery, and their right on the swamp. Beyond the swamp, and between it and another morass still further to the right, were the Indians under Tecumseh. This position was skilfully chosen by Proctor, with regard to locality, and the character of his troops; but he committed an irreparable oversight in neglecting to fortify his front by a ditch, and in drawing up his troops "in open order, that is, with in-

[1] The river near which this battle was fought and from which it takes its name flows into Lake St. Clair in Ontario, Canada, about thirty miles east of Detroit. The Americans were commanded by General William Henry Harrison, who was afterward President. The British force comprized their own men under General Proctor and their Indian allies under Tecumseh. Breckenridge's account is printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

tervals of three or four feet between the files"—a mode of array which could not resist a charge of cavalry. His whole force consisted of about eight hundred regular soldiers and two thousand Indians.

The American troops, amounting to something more than three thousand men, were now disposed in order of battle. General Harrison had at first ordered the mounted men to form in two lines, opposite to the Indians; but he soon observed that the underwood here was too close for cavalry to act with any effect. He was aware of the egregious error committed by Proctor as above mentioned, and well knew the dexterity of backwoodsmen in riding, and in the use of the rifle, in forest ground, so he immediately determined that one battalion of the mounted regiment should charge on the British regulars. The other was left to confront the Indians.

The requisite arrangements were made, and the army had moved forward but a short distance, when the enemy fired. This was the signal for our cavalry to charge; and, altho the men and horses in the front of the column at first recoiled, they soon recovered themselves, and the whole body dashed through the enemy with irresistible force. Instantly forming in the rear of the British, they poured on them a destructive fire, and were about to make a second charge, when the British officers, finding it impossible, from the nature of the ground and the panic which prevailed, to form their broken ranks, immediately surrendered.

On the left, the battle was begun by Tecumseh with great fury. The galling fire of the Indians did not check the advance of the American columns; but the charge was not successful, from the

miry character of the soil and the number and closeness of the thickets which covered it. In these circumstances, Colonel Johnson ordered his men to dismount, and leading them up a second time, succeeded after a desperate contest in breaking through the line of the Indians and gaining their rear. Notwithstanding this, and that the colonel now directed his men to fight them in their own mode, the Indians were unwilling to yield the day; they quickly collected their principal strength on the right and attempted to penetrate the line of infantry. At first they made an impression on it; but they were soon repulsed by the aid of a regiment of Kentucky volunteers led on by the aged Shelby, who had been posted at the angle formed by the front line and Desha's division.

The combat now raged with increasing fury; the Indians, to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred, seeming determined to maintain their ground to the last. The terrible voice of Tecumseh could be distinctly heard, encouraging his warriors; and altho beset on every side except that of the morass, they fought with more determined courage than they had ever before exhibited. An incident, however, now occurred which eventually decided the contest. The gallant Colonel Johnson having rushed toward the spot where the Indians, clustering around their undaunted chief, appeared resolved to perish by his side, his uniform, and the white horse which he rode, rendered him a conspicuous object. In a moment his holsters, dress and accouterments were pierced with a hundred bullets, and he fell to the ground severely wounded. Tecumseh, meanwhile, was killed in the mêlée. After the rescue and removal of the wounded colonel,

the command devolved on Major Thompson. The Indians maintained the fight for more than an hour; but when they no longer heard the voice of their great captain, they at last gave way on all sides. Near the spot where this struggle took place, thirty Indians and six whites were found dead.

Thus fell Tecumseh, one of the most celebrated warriors that ever raised the tomahawk against us; and with him faded the last hope of our Indian enemies. This untutored man was the determined foe of civilization, and had for years been laboring to unite all the Indian tribes in resisting the progress of our settlements to the westward. Had such a man opposed the European colonists on their first arrival, this continent might still have been a wilderness. Tecumseh fell respected by his enemies as a great and magnanimous chief. Altho he seldom took prisoners in battle, he was merciful to those who had been taken by others; and, at the defeat of Dudley, actually put to death a chief whom he found engaged in the work of massacre. He had been in almost every engagement with the whites since Harmer's defeat in 1791,[2] altho at his death he scarcely exceeded forty years of age.

Tecumseh had received the stamp of greatness from the hand of nature; and had his lot been cast in a different state of society, he would have shone as one of the most distinguished of men. He was endowed with a powerful mind, and with the soul of a hero. There was an uncommon dignity in his countenance and manners; by the former he could

[2] Harmer was defeated by the Indians in an engagement near Fort Wayne, was tried by court-martial and acquitted, but resigned afterward.

easily be discovered, even after death, among the rest of the slain, for he wore no insignia of distinction. When girded with a silk sash, and told by General Proctor that he was made a brigadier-general in the British service for his conduct at Brownstown and Magagua, he refused the title. Born without title to command, such was his native greatness that every tribe yielded submission to him at once, and no one ever disputed his precedence. Subtle and fierce in war, he was possest of uncommon eloquence. Invective was his chief merit, as we had frequent occasion to experience. He gave a remarkable instance of its power in the reproaches which he applied to General Proctor, in a speech delivered a few days before his death;[3] a copy of which was found among the papers of the British officers. His form was uncommonly elegant. His stature was about six feet, and his limbs were perfectly proportioned.

In this engagement the British loss was nineteen regulars killed, fifty wounded, and about six hundred taken prisoners. The Indians left one hundred and twenty on the field. The American loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to upward of fifty. Several pieces of brass cannon, the trophies of our Revolution, and which had been surrendered by Hull at Detroit, were once more restored to our country. General Proctor had basely deserted his troops as soon as the charge was made; and tho hotly pursued, was enabled, by means of swift horses and his knowledge of the country, to escape down the Thames. His carriage with his private papers, however, was taken.

[3] Printed in "The World's Famous Orations."

JACKSON'S DEFEAT OF THE CREEK INDIANS

(1814)

BY JAMES PARTON[1]

The news of the massacre at Fort Mims[2] was thirty-one days in reaching New York. It is a proof how occupied were the minds of the people in the Northern States with great events, that the dread narrative appeared in the New York papers only as an item of war news of comparatively small importance. The last prodigious acts in the drama of Napoleon's decline and fall[3] were watched with

[1] From Parton's "Life of Jackson." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1892. The Creeks were a confederation of Indians occupying Alabama and Georgia. At the time of their defeat by Jackson they were already an old confederation, having been found by the Spaniards organized for unity of action in 1540. The result of Jackson's campaign was the eventual transfer to the United States of the greater part of the territory over which the Creeks had ruled. The two Seminole wars of a later period were waged against Indians who originally formed part of the Creek Confederacy, but early in the nineteenth century left the main body and settled in Florida.

[2] Fort Mims (or Mimms) lay on the Alabama River, just above its junction with the Tombigbee. While serving as a refuge for about 400 persons, Witherford, a half-breed chief, surprized and burned it, all except some twenty being killed.

[3] That is, the last among the events that led to his abdication at Fontainebleau. The return from Elba and the Hundred Days followed in the next year.

absorbing interest. The news of Perry's victory on Lake Erie had just thrilled the nation with delight and pride, and all minds were still eager for every new particular. Harrison's victory on the Thames over Proctor and Tecumseh soon followed. The lamentable condition of the Southern country was therefore little felt at the time beyond the States immediately concerned. Perry and Harrison were the heroes of the hour. Their return from the scene of their exploits was a continuous triumphal *fête.*

In a room at Nashville, a thousand miles from these splendid scenes, lay a gaunt, yellow-visaged man, sick, defeated, prostrate, with his arm bound up and his shoulders bandaged, waiting impatiently for his wounds to heal and his strength to return. Who then thought of him in connection with victory and glory? Who supposed that he, of all men, was the one destined to cast into the shade those favorites of the nation, and shine out as the prime hero of the war?

The news of the massacre produced everywhere in Tennessee the most profound impression. Pity for the distrest Alabamans, fears for the safety of their own borders, rage against the Creeks, so long the recipients of governmental bounty, united to inflame the minds of the people. But one feeling pervaded the State. With one voice it was decreed that the entire resources and the whole available force of Tennessee should be hurled upon the savage foe, to avenge the massacre and deliver the Southern country.

The day named for the rendezvous at Fayetteville was exactly one month from that on which the commanding general received his wounds in

the affray with the Bentons. He could not mount his horse without assistance when the time came for him to move toward the rendezvous. His left arm was bound and in a sling. He could not wear his coat-sleeve; nor, during any part of his military career, could he long endure on his left shoulder the weight of an epaulet. Often, in the crisis of a maneuver, some unguarded movement would send such a thrill of agony through his attenuated frame as almost to deprive him of consciousness. It could not have been a pleasant thought that he had squandered in a paltry, puerile, private contest, the strength he needed for the defense of his country. Grievous was his fault, bitter the penalty, noble the atonement. Traveling as fast as his healing wounds permitted, General Jackson reached Fayetteville on the 7th of October.

Twenty-five hundred men and thirteen hundred horses were on a bluff of the Tennessee, on the borders of civilization, about to plunge into pathless woods, and march, no one knew how far, into the fastnesses and secret retreats of a savage enemy! Such a body will consume ten wagon-loads of provisions every day. For a week's subsistence they require a thousand bushels of grain, twenty tons of flesh, a thousand gallons of whisky, and many hundredweight of miscellaneous stores. . . .

Talluschatches was thirteen miles from General Jackson's camp. On the 2d of November came the welcome order to General Coffee (he had just been promoted) to march with a thousand mounted men to destroy this town. Late in the same day the detachment were on the trail, accompanied by a body of friendly Creeks wearing white feathers and white deers' tails, to distinguish them from

their hostile brethren. The next morning's sun shone upon Coffee and his men preparing to assault the town.

On the evening of the same day, General Coffee, having destroyed the town, killed two hundred of the enemy, and buried five of his own men, led his victorious troops back to Jackson's camp, where he received from his general and the rest of the army the welcome that brave men give to brave men returning from triumph. Along with the returning horsemen, joyful with their victory, came into camp a sorrowful procession of prisoners, all women or children, all widows or fatherless, all helpless and destitute. They were humanely cared for by the troops, and soon after sent to the settlements for maintenance during the war.

On the bloody field of Talluschatches was found a slain mother still embracing her living infant. The child was brought into camp with the other prisoners, and Jackson, anxious to save it, endeavored to induce some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. "No," said they, "all his relations are dead; kill him, too." This reply appealed to the heart of the general. He caused the child to be taken to his own tent, where, among the few remaining stores, was found a little brown sugar. This, mingled with water, served to keep the child alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, where it was nursed at Jackson's expense until the end of the campaign, and then taken to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson received it cordially; and the boy grew up in the family, treated by the general and his kind wife as a son and favorite. . . .

At one o'clock in the morning of November 8th,

eight hundred horsemen and twelve hundred foot, under command of General Jackson, stood on the bank of the Coosa, one mile above Fort Strother, ready to cross. The river was wide, but fordable for horsemen. Each of the mounted men, taking behind him one of the infantry, rode across the river and then returned for another. This operation consumed so long a time that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before the whole force was drawn up on the opposite bank prepared to move. A long and weary march through a country wild and uninhabited brought them about sunset within six miles of Talladega. There the general thought it best to halt and give repose to the troops, taking precautions to conceal his presence from the enemy.

There was no repose for the general that night. Till late in the evening he remained awake, receiving reports from the spies sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and making arrangements for the morrow's work. At midnight an Indian came into the camp with a dispatch from General White, announcing, to Jackson's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, that, in consequence of positive orders from General Cocke, he would not be able to protect Fort Strother, but must return and rejoin his general immediately. No other explanation was given. Jackson was in sore perplexity. To go forward, was to leave the sick and wounded at Fort Strother to the mercy of any strolling party of savages. To retreat, would bring certain destruction upon the friendly Creeks, and probably the whole besieging force upon his own rear. In this painful dilemma he resolved upon the boldest measures and the wisest—to strike the

foe in his front at the dawn of day, and, having delivered the inmates of the fort, hasten from the battle-field to the protection of Fort Strother.

Before four in the morning the army was in full march toward the enemy. A sudden and vigorous attack soon put to flight the besieging host, and set free the loyal Creeks, whose delight at their escape is described to have been affecting in the extreme. Besides being nearly dead from thirst, they were anticipating an assault that very day, and had no knowledge of Jackson's approach until they heard the noise of the battle. Fifteen minutes after the action became general the savages were flying headlong in every direction and falling fast under the swords of the pursuing troops. The delivered Creeks ran out of the fort, and, having appeased their raging thirst, thronged around their deliverer, testifying their delight and gratitude. . . .

Jackson soon saw the effect of his brilliant success at Talladega. The Hillabee warriors, who had been defeated in that battle, at once sent a messenger to Fort Strother to sue for peace. Jackson's reply was prompt and characteristic. His Government, he said, had taken up arms to avenge the most gross depredations, and to bring back to a sense of duty a people to whom it had shown the utmost kindness. When those objects were attained the war would cease, but not till then. "Upon those," he continued, "who are disposed to become friendly, I neither wish nor intend to make war, but they must afford evidences of the sincerity of their professions; the prisoners and property they have taken from us and the friendly Creeks must be restored; the instigators of the war,

and the murderers of our citizens, must be surrendered; the latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears."

The Hillabee messenger, who was an old Scotchman, long domesticated among the Indians, departed with Jackson's reply. It was never delivered. Before the message reached the Hillabees an event occurred which banished from their minds all thought of peace, changing them from suppliants for pardon into enemies the most resolute and deadly of all the Indians in the Southern country. General White, of East Tennessee, totally unaware of the state of feeling among the Hillabees, nay, supposing them to be inveterately hostile, marched rapidly into their country, burning and destroying. On his way he burned one village of thirty houses, and another of ninety-three. The principal Hillabee town, whence had proceeded the messenger to Jackson asking peace, and whither that messenger was to return that day, General White surprized at daybreak, killed sixty warriors, and captured two hundred and fifty women and children. Having burned the town, he returned to General Cocke, supposing that he had done the State some service.

The feelings of the Hillabee tribe may be imagined. *This*, then, is General Jackson's answer to our humble suit? *Thus* does he respond to friendly overtures! They never knew General Jackson's innocence of this deed. From that time to the end of the war it was observed that the Indians fought with greater fury and persistence than before, for they fought with the blended energy of hatred and despair. There was no suing for peace, no asking

for quarter. To fight as long as they could stand, and as much longer as they could sit or kneel, and then as long as they had strength to shoot an arrow or pull a trigger, were all that they supposed remained to them after the destruction of the Hillabees. . . .

We left General Jackson at Fort Strother, giving out his last biscuit to his hungry troops and appeasing his own appetite with unseasoned tripe. Then followed ten long weeks of agonizing perplexity, during which, tho the enemy was unmolested by the Tennessee troops, their general appeared in a light more truly heroic than at any other part of his military life. His fortitude, his will, alone saved the campaign. His burning letters kept the cause alive in the State; his example, resolution, activity, and courage preserved the conquests already achieved, and prepared the way for others that threw them into the shade. The spectacle of a brave man contending with difficulties is one in which the gods were said to take delight. Such a spectacle was exhibited by Andrew Jackson during these weeks of enforced inaction.

In circumstances like these revolt ripens apace. Ten days of gnawing hunger and inaction at Fort Strother brought all the militia regiments to the resolution of marching back in a body to the settlements, with or without the consent of the commanding general, and a day was fixt upon for their departure. Jackson heard of it in time. On the designated morning the militia began the homeward movement: but they found a lion in the path. The general was up before them, and had drawn up on the road leading to the settlements the whole body of volunteers, with orders to pre-

vent the departure of the militia, peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. The militia, in this unexpected posture of affairs, renounced their intention, and, obeying the orders of the general, returned to their position and their duty. . . .

The manner, appearance, and language of General Jackson on occasions like this were literally terrific. Few common men could stand before the ferocity of his aspect and the violence of his words. On the present occasion, I presume that the mutineers were put to flight as much by the terrible aspect of the general as by the armed men who were with him. We can fancy the scene —Jackson in advance of Coffee's men, his grizzled hair bristling up from his forehead, his face as red as fire, his eyes sparkling and flashing; roaring out with the voice of a Stentor and the energy of Andrew Jackson, "By the immaculate God! I'll blow the damned villains to eternity if they advance another step!"

The excursion over, and the new levies from Tennessee approaching, Jackson dismissed his victorious troops, whose term of service was about to expire. He bade them farewell in an address abounding in kind and flattering expressions; and they left him feeling all that soldiers usually feel toward the general who has led them to victory.

Six weeks of intense labor on the part of the general and his army were required to complete the preparations for the decisive movement. The middle of March had arrived. The various divisions of the army were assembled at Fort Strother, and the requisite quantity of provisions had been accumulated. A system of expresses had been established for the conveyance of information to

General Pinckney and Governor Blount. With much difficulty, one man had been found competent to beat the ordinary calls on the drum, and this one drum was the sole music of the army. Deducting the strong guards to be left at the posts already established, the force about to march against the enemy amounted to about three thousand men.

Jackson was eleven days in marching his army the fifty-five miles of untrodden wilderness that lay between Fort Strother and the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa. Roads had to be cut, the Coosa explored, boats waited for and rescued from the shoals, high ridges crossed, Fort Williams built and garrisoned to keep open the line of communication, and numerous other difficulties overcome, before he could penetrate to the vicinity of the bend. It was early in the morning of March 27th that, with an army diminished by garrisoning the posts to two thousand men, he reached the scene and prepared to commence operations.

Perceiving at one glance that the Indians had simply penned themselves up for slaughter, his first measure was to send General Coffee with all the mounted men and friendly Indians to cross the river two miles below, where it was fordable, to take a position on the bank opposite the line of canoes, and so cut off the retreat. This was promptly executed by General Coffee, who soon announced by a preconcerted signal that he had reached the station assigned him. Jackson then planted his two pieces of cannon—one a three- the other a six-pounder—upon an eminence eighty yards from the nearest point of the breastwork, whence, at half-past ten in the morning, he opened

fire upon it. His sharpshooters also were drawn up near enough to get an occasional shot at an Indian within the bend. . . .

Not an Indian asked for quarter, nor would accept it when offered. From behind trees and logs, from clefts in the river's banks, from among the burning huts, from chance log-piles, from temporary fortifications, the desperate red men fired upon the troops. A large number plunged into the river and attempted to escape by swimming, but from Coffee's men on one bank and Jackson's on the other a hailstorm of bullets flew over the stream, and the painted heads dipt beneath its blood-stained ripples. The battle became at length a slow, laborious massacre. From all parts of the peninsula resounded the yells of the savages, the shouts of the assailants, and the reports of the firearms, while the gleam of the uplifted tomahawk was seen among the branches. . . .

The carnage lasted as long as there was light enough to see a skulking or a flying enemy. It was impossible to spare. The Indians fought after they were wounded, and gave wounds to men who sought to save their lives, for they thought that if spared they would be reserved only for a more painful death. Night fell at last, and recalled the troops from their bloody work to gather wounded comrades and minister to their necessities. It was a night of horror. Along the banks of the river, all around the bend, Indians—the wounded and the unhurt—were crouching in the clefts, under the brushwood, and in some instances under the heaps of slain, watching for an opportunity to escape. Many did escape, and some lay until the morning, fearing to attempt it. One noted chief,

covered with wounds, took to the water in the evening and lay beneath the surface, drawing his breath through a hollow cane until it was dark enough to swim across. He escaped, and lived to tell his story and show his scars many years after to the historian of Alabama, from whom we have derived the incident. In the morning, parties of the troops again scoured the peninsula and ferreted from their hiding-places sixteen more warriors, who, refusing still to surrender, were added to the number of the slain.

Upon counting the dead, five hundred and fifty-seven was found to be the number of the fallen enemy within the peninsula. Two hundred more, it was computed, had found a grave at the bottom of the river. Many more died in the woods attempting to escape. Jackson's loss was fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded, of whom more than half were friendly Indians. The three prophets of the Creeks, fantastically drest and decorated, were found among the dead. One of them, while engaged in his incantations, had received a grape-shot in his mouth, which killed him instantly.

The war was over. The power of the Creeks was broken; half their warriors were dead, the rest were scattered and subdued in spirit. Fort Mims was indeed avenged. Jackson's amazing celerity of movement, and particularly his last daring plunge into the wilderness, and his trumph over obstacles that would have deterred even an Indian force, quite baffled and confounded the unhappy Creeks.

THE BATTLES OF CHIPPEWA AND LUNDY'S LANE

(1814)

BY GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT[1]

Early in the march, a little above Blackrock, a considerable body of the enemy was discovered. It proved to be a corps of observation under the command of the Marquis of Tweedale. All hearts leapt with joy at the chance of doing something worthy of the anniversary,[2] and to cheer our desponding countrymen at home—something that might ever, on that returning day—

"Be in their flowing cups, freshly remembered."

The events of the day, however, proved most tantalizing. An eager pursuit of sixteen miles ensued. The heat and dust were scarcely bearable; but not a man flagged. All felt that immortal fame lay within reach. The enemy, however, had the start in the race by many minutes; but his escape was

[1] From Scott's "Memoirs, Written by Himself." Chippewa lies about twenty miles northwest of Buffalo in Ontario, Canada. Lundy's Lane is near Niagara Falls on the Canadian side. The Chippewa victory, as Scott explains in this account, came at an opportune time for the American cause, the whole country having become much discouraged over the backward state of the war.

[2] That is, July 4, the day on which the battle of Chippewa began.

only insured by a number of sluggish creeks in the way, each with an ordinary bridge, and too much mud and water to be forded near its mouth. The floors of those bridges were, in succession, thrown off by the marquis, but he was never allowed time to destroy the sleepers. Taking up positions, however, to retard the relaying the planks, obliged Scott to deploy a part of his column and to open batteries. The first bridge, forced in that way, the chase was renewed, and so was the contest at two other bridges, precisely in the manner of the first and with the same results. Finally, toward sunset, the enemy were driven across the Chippewa River behind a strong *tête de pont,* where they met their main army under Major-General Riall.

This running fight, of some twelve hours, was remarkable in one circumstance: in the campaigns of the autobiographer, it was the first and only time that he ever found himself at the head of a force superior to that of the enemy in his front: their relative numbers being, on this occasion, about as four to three.

The Marquis of Tweedale, a gallant soldier, on a visit to the United States soon after peace, made several complimentary allusions to the prowess of our troops in the war, and particularly to the events of the 4th of July, 1814, on the Niagara —among them, that he could not account for the impetuosity of the Americans, in that pursuit, till a late hour, when some one called out—*it is their National Anniversary!*

The proximity of Riall reversed the strength of the antagonists, and Scott, unpursued, fell back a little more than a mile, to take up a strong camp behind Street's Creek, to await the arrival of the

reserve under Major-General Brown.[3] The junction took place early in the morning of the 5th.

Brown lost no time in giving orders to prepare the materials for throwing a bridge across the Chippewa, some little distance above the village and the enemy at its mouth. (There was no traveling pontoon with the army.) The work was put under the charge of our able engineers, McRee and Wood—the wise counselors of the general-in-chief. This was the labor of the day. In the mean time the British militia and Indians filled the wood to our left and annoyed the pickets posted in its edge. Porter's militia were ordered to dislodge the enemy, and much skirmishing ensued between the parties.

The anniversary dinner cooked for Scott's brigade, with many extras added by him in honor of the day, happily came over from Schlosser on the 5th, and was soon dispatched by officers and men, who had scarcely broken fast in thirty-odd hours.

To keep his men in breath, he had ordered a parade for grand evolutions in the cool of the afternoon. For this purpose there was below the creek, a plain extending back from the Niagara of some hundreds of yards in the broader part, and a third narrower lower down. From the dinner, without expecting a battle, tho fully prepared for one, Scott marched for this field. The view below from his camp was obstructed by the brushwood that fringed the creek; but when arrived near the bridge at its mouth, he met Major-General Brown, coming in at full gallop, who, in passing, said

[3] Jacob Brown was then chief in command of the American army at Niagara.

with emphasis, "You will have a battle!" and, without halting, pushed on to the rear to put Ripley's brigade in motion—supposing that Scott was perfectly aware of the near approach of the entire British army and going out expressly to meet it.

The head of his (Scott's) column had scarcely entered the bridge before it was met by a fire, at an easy distance, from nine field guns. Towson's battery quickly responded with some effect. The column of our infantry, greatly elongated by the diminution of front, to enable it to pass the narrow bridge, steadily advanced, tho with some loss, and battalion after battalion when over formed line to the left and front, under the continued fire of the enemy's battery. When Scott was seen approaching the bridge, General Riall, who had dispersed twice his numbers the winter before, in his expedition on the American side, said: "It is nothing but a body of Buffalo militia!" But when the bridge was passed in fine style, under his heavy fire of artillery, he added with an oath, "Why, these are regulars!" The gray coats at first deceived him, which Scott was obliged to accept, there being no blue cloth in the country. (In compliment to the battle of Chippewa, our military cadets have worn gray coats ever since.) Two hostile lines were now in view of each other, but a little beyond the effective range of musketry.

It has been seen that the model American brigade, notwithstanding the excessive vigor and prowess exerted the day before, had failed in the ardent desire to engraft its name, by a decisive victory, on the great national anniversary. The same corps again confronting the enemy, but in

an open field, Scott, riding rapidly along the line, threw out a few short sentences—among them, alluding to the day before, was this: "Let us make a new anniversary for ourselves!" Not finding his name in the official paper (*Gazette*) after his handsome services at the capture of Bastia and Calvi, early in his career, Nelson, with the spirit of divination upon him, said: "Never mind; I will have a Gazette of my own." A little arrogance, near the enemy, when an officer is ready to suit the action to the word, may be pardoned by his countrymen. And it has often happened, if not always, when Fourths of July have fallen on Sundays, that Chippewa has been remembered at the celebrations of Independence on the 5th of July.

The brigade had scarcely been fully deployed, when it was perceived that it was outflanked by the enemy on the plain, besides the invisible force that had just driven Porter and the militia out of the wood. Critical maneuvering became necessary on the part of Scott; for the position and intentions of Brown, with Ripley and Porter, were, and remained entirely unknown to him till the battle was over. The enemy continuing to advance, presented a new right flank on the widened plain, leaving his right wing in the wood which Scott had caused to be confronted by Jesup's battalion, the 25th Infantry, which leapt the fence, checked and soon pushed the enemy toward the rear.

At the same time having ordered that the right wing of the consolidated battalion (9th and 22d Infantry) commanded by Leavenworth, should be thrown forward, with Towson's battery on the extreme right, close to the Niagara, Scott flew to

McNeil's battalion, the 11th Infantry, now on the left, and assisted in throwing forward its left wing. The battalions of Leavenworth and McNeil thus formed, pointed to an obtuse angle in the center of the plain, with a wide interval between them, that made up for deficiency of numbers. To fire, each party had halted more than once, at which the Americans had the more deadly aim. At an approximation to within sixty or seventy paces, the final charge (mutual) was commenced. The enemy soon came within the obliqued battalions of Leavenworth and McNeil. Towson's fire was effective from the beginning.

At the last moment, blinded by thick smoke, he was about to lose his most effective discharge, when Scott, on a tall charger, perceiving that the enemy had come within the last range of the battery, caused a change that enfiladed many files of the opposing flank. The clash of bayonets, at each extremity, instantly followed, when the wings of the enemy being outflanked, and to some extent doubled upon, were moldered away like a rope of sand. It is not in human nature that a conflict like this should last many seconds. The enemy's whole force broke in quick succession and fled, leaving the field thickly strewn with his dead and wounded. The victory was equally complete in front of Jesup. A hot pursuit was continued to within half gunshot of the batteries at Chippewa Bridge, to gather up prisoners and with good success. Returning, Scott met Major-General Brown coming out of the forest, who, with Ripley's regulars and the rallied militia of Porter, had made a wide circuit to the left, intending to get between the enemy and the Chippewa, and this might have

been effected if the battle had lasted a half hour longer; but suppose that Scott in the mean time had been overwhelmed by superior numbers! . . .

Few men now alive are old enough to recall the deep gloom, approaching to despair, which about this time oppressed the whole American people—especially the supporters of the war. The disasters on the land have been enumerated, and now the New England States were preparing to hold a convention—it met at Hartford—perhaps to secede from the Union[3]—possibly to take up arms against it. Scott's brigade, nearly all New England men, were most indignant, and this was the subject of the second of the three pithy remarks made to them by Scott just before the final conflict at Chippewa. Calling aloud to the gallant Major Hindman, he said: "Let us put down the federal convention by beating the enemy in front. There's nothing in the Constitution against that."

History has recorded many victories on a much larger scale than that of Chippewa; but only a few that have wrought a greater change in the feelings of a nation. Everywhere bonfires blazed; bells rung out peals of joys; the big guns responded, and the pulse of Americans recovered a healthy beat.

The enemy being again in the strong position behind the Chippewa, the preparation of materials for the bridge was renewed early on the 6th, but before they were quite ready, Major-General Riall decamped; sent reenforcements to his works at the mouth of the Niagara, struck off to the left at Queenstown and returned with the remainder of

[3] An account of the Hartford Convention will be found on later pages of this volume.

his army to Burlington Heights at the head of Lake Ontario. So it turned out, as we learned, in a day or two. Scott's brigade was again dispatched in pursuit. He crossed the Chippewa Bridge early on the 7th and reported from Queenstown the ascertained movements of Riall.

Major-General Brown determined to attack the forts (George and Messassauga) at the mouth of the river, and accordingly marched his whole force upon them—Scott always in the lead. Perhaps it had been better, after masking those works, to have moved at once upon Riall. But arrangements had been made between the general-in-chief and Commodore Chauncey for siege guns to be brought up by our ships of war; for the Niagara army had not a piece heavier than an eighteen-pounder. The forts were invested: Messassauga, built since McClure evacuated George, the year before.

Major-General Brown, thinking it would be more difficult to find than to beat Riall in the Highlands about the head of the lake, now resolved to try the effect of a stratagem to draw him out of his snug position. Accordingly, the Americans on the morning of the 24th assumed a panic; broke up camp and retreated rapidly up the river. There was only a moment's halt at Queenstown—to throw the sick across into hospital at Lewiston, until all were securely encamped above the Chippewa. The following was to be a day of rest and to give Riall time to come down in pursuit. It was further arranged that Scott's brigade, reenforced, should early in the morning of the 26th return rapidly upon Queenstown, and if the stratagem proved a failure, then to trace up Riall and attack him wherever found. Consequently, it was in

tended that the 25th of July should be to the army a day of relaxation—without other duties than cleaning of arms, the washing of clothes, and bathing, except that Scott's troops were ordered to fill their haversacks with cooked provisions.

While all were thus unbuttoned and relaxed, a militia colonel, whose regiment occupied several posts on the American side of the river, sent a specific report to Major-General Brown that the enemy had thrown across, from Queenstown to Lewiston, a strong body of troops, and as it could not be to distrub the small hospital at the latter place, Brown concluded the movement had in view the destruction of our magazines at Schlosser, and stopping the stream of supplies descending from Buffalo. Of course, Riall must have come down from the Highlands; but as one of our brigades had beaten his entire force, twenty days before, it was difficult to believe he had risked a division of his weakened army so near to the superior numbers of Brown; for not a rumor had reached the latter that Riall had been reenforced. Indeed, it was only known, from Chauncey, at Sackett's Harbor,[4] that Sir James Yeo had possession of the lake; for Brown's means of secret intelligence, if any, were of no avail. In this state of ignorance, but confidence in the report received, Brown ordered Scott, with his command, to march below, to find the enemy and to beat him. It was now in the afternoon, and all had dined. In less than thirty minutes the splendid column—horse, artillery, and infantry—had passed the bridge at the village of Chippewa, and was in full march for Queens-

[4] At the eastern end of Lake Ontario, where the St. Lawrence River begins.

town (nine miles below), intending no halt short of that point. But *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.* Turning the sweep the river makes a mile or two above the Falls, a horseman in scarlet was from time to time discovered peeping out from the wood on the left, and lower down, the advance guard, with which Scott rode, came upon a house (Forsyth's) from which two British officers fled just in time to escape capture. Only two inhabitants had been seen in the march, and these, from ignorance or loyalty, said nothing that did not mislead. The population was hostile to Americans.

From such indications it seemed evident that there was a corps of observation in the neighborhood, and Scott so reported to headquarters; but from the information on which he had advanced, it could only be a small body, detached from an inferior army that had committed the folly of sending at least half of its numbers to the opposite side of the river. There was, therefore, no halt and no slackening in the march of the Americans. Passing a thick skirt of wood that crossed the road nearly opposite to the Falls, the head of the column emerged into an opening on the left in full view, and in easy range of a line of battle drawn up in Lundy's Lane, more extensive than that defeated at Chippewa.

Riall's whole force was in the lane; for, it turned out not only not a man had been thrown over the river, but that the night before Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond had arrived by the lake with a heavy reenforcement, and had pushed forward his battalions (sixteen miles) as they successively landed. One was already in line of battle, and the others were coming up by forced marches.

The aches in broken bones feelingly remind the autobiographer[5] of the scene he is describing, and after the lapse of nearly fifty years he can not suppress his indignation at the blundering, stupid report made by the militia colonel to his confiding friend Major-General Brown. . . .

By standing fast, the salutary impression was made upon the enemy that the whole American reserve was at hand and would soon assault his flanks. Emboldened, however, a little by its non-arrival, an attempt was made to turn Scott's left. The 11th, that occupied that position, threw forward (under cover of a clump of trees) its right, and drove the enemy beyond reach.

Jesup, too, on our right, had brilliant success. In making the sweep around the enemy's left flank he captured Major-General Riall and cut off a segment of his line. Sir Gordon Drummond, also, was for a moment a prisoner, but he contrived to escape in the dusk of the evening. Hindman's artillery, Brady's battalion, consolidated with Leavenworth's, had suffered and inflicted great losses under a direct fire, unremitted, till dusk. The 11th, partially covered, suffered less.

At this moment Major-General Brown and staff came up a little ahead of the reserve—of course, each with the bandage of night on his eyes; for it was now dark—after nine o'clock in the evening. Scott gave the general the incidents of the battle, and the positions of the hostile forces on the field. It was known from prisoners that further reenforcements, from below, were soon expected. Not a moment was to be lost. By desire, Scott sug-

[5] Scott wrote his autobiography in 1864, two years before his death, at the age of 80.

gested that the heaviest battalion in the reserve, the 21st, which he had instructed at Buffalo, and was now commanded by Colonel Miller, should, supported by the remainder of Ripley's brigade, charge up the lane, take the enemy in flank, and roll his whole crumbled line back into the wood.

To favor this important movement, Scott, with the added force of Jesup, now back in line, ordered the attack, in front, to be redoubled; guided Brown, with Miller, through the darkness, to the foot of the lane, and then rejoined his own forces. Here he was assisted by the fresh batteries which came up with the reserve. The enemy, thus furiously assailed in front, remained ignorant of Miller's approach till the bayonets of his column began to be felt. The rout was early and complete, a battery captured, and many prisoners made.

Positions on the field had become reversed. The American line, reformed, now crossed that originally occupied by the enemy at right angles, and facing the wood, with backs to the river. Here it took a defensive stand. The British slowly rallied at some distance in front. Being again in collected force and in returning confidence, they cautiously advanced to recover the lost field and their battery—the horses of which had been killed or crippled before the retreat. By degrees the low commands, *halt, dress, forward,* often repeated, became more and more audible in the awful stillness of the moment. At length a dark line could be seen, at a distance, perhaps, of sixty paces. Scott resolved to try an experiment. Leaving his brigade on the right, in line, he formed a small column of some two hundred and fifty men, and,

at its head, advanced rapidly to pierce the advancing enemy's line, then to turn to the right, and envelop his extreme left. If pierced, in the dark, there seemed no doubt the whole would fall back, and so it turned out. Scott explained his intentions and forcibly cautioned his own brigade, and Ripley's on his left, not to fire upon the little column; but the instant the latter came in conflict with, and broke the enemy, Ripley's men opened fire upon its rear and left flank, and caused it to break without securing a prisoner. The column resumed its place in line, and another pause in the battle ensued.

After a while a second advance of the enemy was made with the same slowness as before. When within short musket-shot, there was an unexpected halt, instantly followed by the crack of small arms and the deafening roar of cannon. Each party seemed resolved to rest the hope of victory on its fire. The welkin was in a blaze with shells and rockets. Tho both armies suffered greatly, the enemy suffered most. The scene, perhaps, including accessories, has never been surpassed. Governor Tompkins,[6] with a keen perception of its splendor, said, in presenting a sword of honor to Scott: "The memorable conflict on the plains of Chippewa, and the appalling night-battle on the Heights of Niagara, are events which have added new celebrity to the spots where they happened, heightening the majesty of the stupendous cataract by combining with its natural all the force of the moral sublime."

It was impossible that this conflict should be en-

[6] Daniel D. Tompkins, then Governor of New York, and afterward twice elected Vice-President of the United States.

dured for more than a very few minutes. The lines at some points were separated by only eight or ten paces. Nothing but a deep, narrow gully intervened in front of the 25th Infantry. Scott, inquiring of the commander (Jesup) about a wound (in the hand) heard a call in the ranks, "Cartridges!" At the same moment a man reeling to the ground, responded, *"Cartridges in my box!"* The two commanders flew to his succor. The noble fellow had become a corpse as he fell. In the next second or two Scott, for a time, as insensible, lay stretched at his side, being prostrated by an ounce musket-ball through the left shoulder-joint. He had been twice dismounted and badly contused, in the side, by the rebound of a cannon-ball, some hours before. Two of his men discovering that there was yet life, moved him a little way to the rear, that he might not be killed on the ground, and placed his head behind a tree—his feet from the enemy. This had scarcely been done when he revived and found that the enemy had again abandoned the field. Unable to hold up his head from the loss of blood and anguish, he was taken in an ambulance to the camp across the Chippewa, when the wound was stanched and drest.

On leaving the field he did not know that Major-General Brown, also wounded, had preceded him. By seniority the command of the army now devolved on Brigadier-General Ripley. It must then have been about midnight. Ripley, from some unknown cause, became alarmed, and determined, in spite of dissuasion, to abandon the field, trophies, and all. The principal officers dispatched a messenger to bring back Scott, but found him utterly prostrate. Toward day some fragments of the

enemy, seeking the main body, crossed the quiet field, and learning from the wounded that the Americans had flown, hastened to overtake Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond below, who returned, *bivouacked* on the field, and claimed the victory!

THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON

(1814)

I

BY RICHARD HILDRETH[1]

News reached Washington that a new and large British fleet had arrived in the Chesapeake. This was Cochrane, from Bermuda, with General Ross on board, and a division, some four thousand strong, of Wellington's late army. To this fleet Cockburn's[2] blockading squadron soon joined itself, adding to Ross's force a thousand marines, and a hundred armed and disciplined negroes, deserters from the plantations bordering on the Chesapeake. As the ships passed the Potomac some of the frigates entered that river, but the main fleet, some sixty vessels in all, stood on for the Patuxent, which they ascended to Benedict, where the frith begins to narrow. There, some fifty miles from Washington, the troops were landed without a sign of opposition, tho there were several detachments of Maryland militia, under State orders, at points not far distant. As Ross had no horses,

[1] From Hildreth's "History of the United States." Edition of 1856. Published by Harper & Brothers.

[2] Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who, in the following year, commanded the ship *Northumberland*, in which Napoleon was taken to St. Helena. Cockburn remained in command at St. Helena until 1816.

his men, some four thousand five hundred in all, were organized into a light infantry corps. Three pieces of light artillery were dragged along by a hundred sailors. As many more transported munitions. The soldiers carried at their backs eighty rounds of ammunition and three days' provisions.

Enervated as the troops had been by the close confinement of the voyage, and wilting under the burning sun of that season, it was with difficulty, at first, that they staggered along. Nothing but the constant efforts of their officers prevented them from dissolving into a long train of stragglers. The felling of a few trees, where the road crossed the frequent streams and swamps, would have seriously delayed, if not effectually have stopt, them. But in that part of Maryland, a level region of corn-fields and pine forests, the slave population exceeded the whites, and the frightened planters thought of little except to save their own throats from insurgent knives, and their human property from English seduction.

In the slaves the British had good friends and sure means of information. With the trained negroes in front, they advanced cautiously, the first day only six miles, but still without encountering the slightest opposition, feeling their way up the left bank of the Patuxent—a route which threatened Barney's squadron in front, Alexandria and Washington on the left, and Annapolis and Baltimore on the right. Cockburn accompanied the army, and from his dashing, buccaneering spirit, and long experience in that neighborhood, became the soul of the enterprise.

At the first alarm of the appearance of the British fleet Winder had sent off his requisitions

for militia; but, even had the quotas of Virginia and Pennsylvania been embodied and ready to march, and had the swiftest expresses been employed instead of the slow course of the mail, it was already too late for effectual aid from that quarter. The District militia, summoned to arms, marched to a point some eight miles east of Washington, where they were joined by the regulars, who fell back from a more advanced position which they had occupied for some time at Marlborough.

Stansbury's brigade of Maryland drafted militia, fourteen hundred strong, marching from the neighborhood of Baltimore, on the night of the 22d encamped, just in advance of Bladensburg, six miles north of Washington; here they were joined the next day, while the President was reviewing the District army, by a regiment esteemed the flower of the Baltimore city militia, by some companies of artillery and a battalion of city riflemen, led by Pinckney, the late ambassador to London. This Maryland army now amounted to some twenty-one hundred men; but the city part, that most relied upon, had little experience in field service, having suddenly changed the comforts of their homes for the bare ground and rations of bad salt beef and musty flour, which they did not even know how to cook. . . .

The Eastern Branch of the Potomac, deep enough opposite Washington to float a frigate, dwindles at Bladensburg to a shallow stream. A few houses occupy the eastern bank. Abandoning the village and the bridge, Stansbury had posted his men on an eminence on the Washington side of the river, with his right on the Washington road, in which were planted two pieces of artillery, to

sweep the bridge. Pinckney's riflemen lined the bushes which skirted the river bank. The Baltimore regiment had been originally posted nearest the bridge, but, by Monroe's orders, who rode up just before the battle began, they were thrown back behind an orchard, leaving Stansbury's drafted men to stand the first brunt of attack. As Winder reached the front, other military amateurs were busy in giving their advice, the enemy's column just then beginning to show itself on the opposite bank. . . .

The British soldiers, by the time they reached Blandensburg, were almost ready to drop, so excessive was the heat; and so formidable was the appearance of the American army that Ross and his officers, reconnoitering from one of the highest houses of the village, were not a little uneasy as to the result. But it was now too late to hesitate. The column was again put in motion, and after a momentary check it dashed across the bridge. Some discharges of Congreve rockets put the Maryland drafted militia to flight. They were followed by the riflemen, Pinckney getting a broken arm in the tumult, and by the artillerymen, whose pieces had scarcely been twice discharged. As the British came up, the Baltimore regiment fled also, sweeping off with them the general, the President, and the Cabinet officers.

Encouraged by this easy victory, the enemy pushed rapidly forward, till Barney's artillery opened upon them with severe effect. After several vain efforts, during which many fell, to advance in face of this fire, advantage was taken of the shelter of a ravine to file off by the right and left. Those who emerged on the left en-

countered the Annapolis regiment, which fled after a single fire. Those on the right fell in with some detachments of regulars, forming an advanced portion of the second line. They retired with equal promptitude, as did the militia behind them; and the enemy having thus gained both flanks, the sailors and marines were obliged to fly, leaving their guns and their wounded commanders in the enemy's hands.

Such was the famous Battle of Bladensburg, in which very few Americans had the honor to be either killed or wounded, not more than fifty in all; and yet, according to the evidence subsequently given before a Congressional committee of investigation, everybody behaved with wonderful courage and coolness, and nobody retired except by orders or for want of orders.

The British loss was a good deal larger, principally in the attack on the sailors and marines. Several had dropt dead with heat and fatigue; and the whole force was so completely exhausted that it was necessary to allow them some hours' rest before advancing on Washington.

The Maryland militia, dispersing as they fled in every direction, soon ceased to exist as an embodied force. The District militia kept more together; the Virginians had at last obtained their flints; and Winder had still at his command some two thousand men and several pieces of artillery. Two miles from Washington a momentary stand was made, but the retreating troops soon fell back to the Capitol. Armstrong wished to occupy the two massive, detached wings of that building (the central rotunda and porticos having not then been built), and to play the part of the British in

Chew's house at the Battle of Germantown. But, if able to withstand an assault, how long could they hold out without provisions or water?

It was finally decided to abandon Washington, and to rally on the heights of Georgetown.

Simultaneously with this abandonment of their homes by an army that retired but did not rally, fire was put at the navy-yard to a new frigate on the stocks, to a new sloop-of-war lately launched, and to several magazines of stores and provisions, for the destruction of which ample preparations had been made. By the light of this fire, made lurid by a sudden thundergust, Ross, toward evening, advanced into Washington, at that time a straggling village of some eight thousand people, but, for the moment, almost deserted by the male part of the white inhabitants.

From Gallatin's late residence, one of the first considerable houses which the column reached, a shot was fired which killed Ross's horse, and which was instantly revenged by putting fire to the house. After three or four volleys at the Capitol, the two detached wings were set on fire. The massive walls defied the flames, but all the interior was destroyed, with many valuable papers, and the library of Congress—a piece of vandalism alleged to be in revenge for the burning of the Parliament House at York. An encampment was formed on Capitol Hill; but meanwhile a detachment marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the President's house, of which the great hall had been converted into a military magazine, and before which some cannon had been placed. These cannon, however, had been carried off. Mrs. Madison had fled also with her plate and valuables

loaded into a cart obtained not without difficulty, having first stript from its frame and provided for the safety of a valuable portrait of Washington, which ornamented the principal room.

The President's house, and the offices of the Treasury and State Departments near by, were set on fire; Ross and Cockburn, who had forced themselves as unwelcome guests upon a neighboring boarding-house woman, supping by the light of the blazing buildings. Fortunately by the precaution of Monroe, the most valuable papers of the State Department had been previously removed; yet here, too, some important records were destroyed. The next morning the War Office was burned. The office of the *National Intelligencer* was ransacked, and the types thrown into the street, Cockburn himself presiding with gusto over this operation, thus revenging himself for its severe strictures on his proceedings in the Chesapeake. The arsenal at Greenleaf's Point was fired, as were some rope-walks near by.

Several private houses were burned, and some private warehouses broken open and plundered; but, in general, private property was respected, the plundering being less on the part of the British soldiers than of the low inhabitants, black and white, who took advantage of the terror and confusion to help themselves.

The only public building that escaped was the General Post Office and Patent Office, both under the same roof, of which the burning was delayed by the entreaties and remonstrances of the superintendent, and finally prevented by a tremendous tornado which passed over the city and for a while completely dispersed the British column, the sol-

diers seeking refuge where they could, and several being buried in the ruins of the falling buildings.

II

A BRITISH ACCOUNT[1]

Toward morning a violent storm of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, came on, which disturbed the rest of all those who were exposed to it. Yet, in spite of the disagreeableness of getting wet, I can not say that I felt disposed to grumble at the interruption, for it appeared that what I had before considered as superlatively sublime, still wanted this to render it complete. The flashes of lightning seemed to vie in brilliancy with the flames which burst from the roofs of burning houses, while the thunder drowned the noice of crumbling walls, and was only interrupted by the occasional roar of cannon, and of large depôts of gunpowder, as they one by one exploded. . . .

The consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamed of quitting their houses, or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to

[1] By Rev. George Robert Gleig, who served in the British army during the war and was present at the capture and burning of Washington. He published, after the war, "A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans."

rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not I can not say, but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the Senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, tho, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house, entered his dining parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. . . .

They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands,* and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

But, as I have just observed, this was a night of dismay to the inhabitants of Washington. They

were taken completely by surprize; nor could the arrival of the flood be more unexpected to the natives of the antediluvian world, than the arrival of the British army to them. The first impulse of course tempted them to fly, and the streets were in consequence crowded with soldiers and senators, men, women, and children, horses, carriages, and carts loaded with household furniture, all hastening toward a wooden bridge which crosses the Potomac. The confusion thus occasioned was terrible, and the crowd upon the bridge was such as to endanger its giving way. But Mr. Madison, having escaped among the first, was no sooner safe on the opposite bank of the river than he gave orders that the bridge should be broken down; which being obeyed, the rest were obliged to return, and to trust to the clemency of the victors.

In this manner was the night passed by both parties; and at daybreak next morning the light brigade moved into the city, while the reserve fell back to a height about half a mile in the rear. Little, however, now remained to be done, because everything marked out for destruction was already consumed. Of the senate-house, the President's palace, the barracks, the dockyard, etc., nothing could be seen, except heaps of smoking ruins; and even the bridge, a noble structure upward of a mile in length, was almost wholly demolished. There was, therefore, no farther occasion to scatter the troops, and they were accordingly kept together as much as possible on the Capitol hill.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

(1814)

BY FENIMORE COOPER[1]

In the autumn of 1814 the enemy contemplated an invasion of the northern and least populous counties of New York, with a large force, following the route laid down for General Burgoyne, in his unfortunate expedition of 1777. It was most probably intended to occupy a portion of the northern frontier, with the expectation of turning the circumstance to account in the pending negotiations, the English commissioners soon after advancing a claim to drive the Americans back from their ancient boundaries, with a view to leave Great Britain the entire possession of the lakes. In such an expedition the command of Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles, and offered so many facilities for forwarding supplies, as well as for annoyance and defense. Until this season neither nation had a force of any moment on that water, but the Americans had built a ship and a schooner, during the winter and spring; and when it was found that the enemy was preparing for a serious effort the keel of a brig was laid. Many galleys, or gunboats, were also constructed. . . .

[1] From Cooper's "History of the Navy of the United States."

On the 6th of September Captain McDonough[2] ordered the galleys to the head of the bay, to annoy the English army, and a cannonading occurred which lasted two hours. The wind coming on to blow a gale that menaced the galleys with shipwreck, Mr. Duncan, a midshipman of the *Saratoga,* was sent in a gig to order them to retire. It is supposed that the appearance of the boat induced the enemy to think that Captain McDonough himself had joined his galleys; for he concentrated a fire on the galley Mr. Duncan was in, and that young officer received a severe wound, by which he lost the use of his arm. Afterward one of the galleys drifted in, under the guns of the enemy, and she also sustained some loss, but was eventually brought off.

Captain McDonough had chosen an anchorage a little to the south of the outlet of the Saranac. His vessels lay in a line parallel to the coast, extending north and south, and distant from the western shore nearly two miles. The last vessel at the southward was so near the shoal as to prevent the English from passing that end of the line, while all the ships lay so far out toward Cumberland Head as to bring the enemy within reach of carronades, should he enter the bay on that side.[3]

[2] This name in late years has been written Macdonough. That form is used by Colonel Roosevelt in his "Naval War of 1812," and it is the form that was used by Macdonough's son, Augustus R. Macdonough, who died in New York in 1907.

[3] In these waters, not far from the scene of Macdonough's battle, was fought in October, 1776, an engagement between the Americans under Benedict Arnold and the British under Carleton, in which Arnold was successful. Arnold's ships were among the earliest employed as an American navy.

The total force of the American present consisted of fourteen vessels, mounting eighty-six guns and containing about 850 men, including officers and a small detachment of soldiers, who did duty as marines, none of the corps having been sent on Lake Champlain. To complete his order of battle, Captain McDonough directed two of the galleys to keep inshore of the *Eagle,* and a little to windward of her, to sustain the head of the line; one or two more to lie opposite to the interval between the *Eagle* and *Saratoga;* a few opposite to the interval between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga;* and two or three opposite the interval between the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble.* The Americans were, consequently, formed in two lines, distant from each other about forty yards; the large vessels at anchor, and the galleys under their sweeps.

John Barry, however, a native of Ireland, who had been successful in business in Philadelphia, slightly preceded Arnold as a successful naval commander on the American side in the Revolution. Placed in command of the ship *Lexington* in February, 1776, Barry made the first capture of a British war-ship ever made by an American cruiser. He was then transferred to the frigate *Effingham,* and in 1777, with four boats, captured a British war-schooner in the Delaware River, without losing a man. In the latter part of the same year, while the British were occupying Philadelphia, Barry took the *Effingham* up the Delaware, in order to save her from capture, but the enemy there destroyed her by fire. In 1778 he had command of the *Raleigh,* and was pursued and driven on shore by a British squadron, after having made a gallant resistance. In 1781 he conveyed Colonel Laurens on a mission to France in the *Alliance.* He afterward went on cruises, and in a desperate combat captured the *Atlanta* and the *Trespasser.* At the close of the war, he conveyed Lafayette to France. When a new navy was organized, in 1794, Barry was made its senior officer, with the rank of commodore.

The force of the enemy was materially greater than that of the Americans. His largest vessel, the *Confiance,* commanded by Captain Downie in person, had the gundeck of a heavy frigate, mounting on it an armament similar to that of the *Constitution* or *United States,* or thirty long twenty-fours. . . . The whole force of Captain Downie consisted of sixteen or seventeen vessels, as the case may have been, mounting in all, ninety-five or ninety-six guns, and carrying about one thousand men. . . .

The guard-boat of the Americans pulled in shortly after the sun had risen, and announced the approach of the enemy. As the wind was fair, a good working breeze at the northward and eastward, Captain McDonough ordered the vessels cleared, and preparations made to fight at anchor. Eight bells were striking in the American squadron as the upper sails of the English vessels were seen passing along the land, in the main lake, on their way to double Cumberland Head. . . .

The enemy was now standing in, close-hauled, the *Chubb* looking well to windward of the *Eagle,* the vessel that lay at the head of the American line, the *Linnet* laying her course for the bows of the same brig, the *Confiance* intending to fetch far enough ahead of the *Saratoga* to lay that ship athwart hawse, and the *Finch,* with the gunboats, standing for the *Ticonderoga* and *Preble.*

As the enemy filled the American vessels sprung their broadsides to bear, and a few minutes were passed in the solemn and silent expectation, that, in a disciplined ship, precedes a battle. Suddenly the *Eagle* discharged, in quick succession, her four long eighteens. In clearing the decks of the *Sara-*

toga some hen-coops were thrown overboard, and the poultry had been permitted to run at large. Startled by the reports of the guns, a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings and crowed. At this animating sound the men spontaneously gave three cheers. This little occurrence relieved the usual breathing time between preparation and the combat, and it had a powerful influence on the known tendencies of the seamen.

Still Captain McDonough did not give the order to commence, altho the enemy's galleys now opened; for it was apparent that the fire of the *Eagle*, which vessel continued to engage, was useless. As soon, however, as it was seen that her shot told, Captain McDonough himself sighted a long twenty-four, and the gun was fired. This shot is said to have struck the *Confiance* near the outer hawse-hole, and to have passed the length of her deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away the wheel. It was a signal for all the American long guns to open, and it was soon seen that the English commanding ship, in particular, was suffering heavily. Still the enemy advanced, and in the most gallant manner, confident if he could get the desired position, that the great weight of the *Confiance* would at once decide the fate of the day. But he had miscalculated his own powers of endurance. The anchors of the *Confiance* were hanging by the stoppers, in readiness to be let go, and the larboard bower was soon cut away, as well as a spare anchor in the larboard fore-chains. . . .

The English vessels came to in very handsome style, nor did the *Confiance* fire a single gun until secured; altho the American line was now engaged with all its force. As soon as Captain Downie

had performed this duty, in a seaman-like manner, his ship appeared a sheet of fire, discharging all her guns at nearly the same instant, pointed principally at the *Saratoga*. The effect of this broadside was terrible in the little ship that received it. After the crash had subsided Captain McDonough saw that nearly half his crew was on the deck, for many had been knocked down who sustained no real injuries. It is supposed, however, that about forty men, or near one-fifth of her complement, were killed and wounded on board the *Saratoga* by this single discharge. The hatches had been fastened down, as usual, but the bodies so cumbered the deck that it was found necessary to remove the fastenings and to pass them below. The effect continued but a moment, when the ship resumed her fire as gallantly as ever. Among the slain was Mr. Peter Gamble, the first lieutenant. By this early loss but one officer of that rank, Acting Lieutenant Lavallette, was left in the *Saratoga*. Shortly after, Captain Downie, the English commanding officer, fell also. . . .

The rear of the American line was certainly its weakest point; and having compelled the little *Preble* to retreat, the enemy's galleys were emboldened to renew their efforts against the vessel ahead of her, which was the *Ticonderoga*. This schooner was better able to resist them, and she was very nobly fought. Her spirited commander, Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin, walked the taffrail, where he could watch the movements of the enemy's galleys, and showers of canister and grape, directing discharges of bags of musket-balls, and other light missiles, effectually keeping the British at bay. Several times the English galleys, of which

many were very gallantly fought, closed quite near, with an intent to board; but the great steadiness on board the *Ticonderoga* beat them back, and completely covered the rear of the line for the remainder of the day. So desperate were some of the assaults, notwithstanding, that the galleys have been described as several times getting nearly within a boathook's length of the schooner, and their people as rising from the sweeps in readiness to spring.

While these reverses and successes were occurring in the rear of the two lines, the Americans were suffering heavily at the other extremity. The *Linnet* had got a very commanding position, and she was admirably fought; while the *Eagle,* which received all her fire, and part of that of the *Confiance,* having lost her springs, found herself so situated as not to be able to bring her guns fairly to bear on either of the enemy's vessels. Captain Henley had run his topsail-yards, with the sails stopt, to the mastheads, previously to engaging, and he now cut his cable, sheeted home his topsails, cast the brig, and running down, anchored by the stern, between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga,* necessarily a little inshore of both. Here he opened fire afresh, and with better effect, on the *Confiance* and galleys, using his larboard guns. But this movement left the *Saratoga* exposed to nearly the whole fire of the *Linnet,* which brig now sprung her broadside in a manner to rake the American ship on her bows.

Shortly after this important change had occurred at the head of the lines, the fire of the two ships began materially to lessen, as gun after gun became disabled; the *Saratoga,* in particular, hav-

ing had all her long pieces rendered useless by shot, while most of the carronades were dismounted, either in the same manner, or in consequence of a disposition in the men to overcharge them. At length but a single carronade remained in the starboard batteries, and on firing it the navel-bolt broke, the gun flew off the carriage, and it actually fell down the main hatch. By this accident the American commanding vessel was left in the middle of the battle, without a single available gun. Nothing remained but to make an immediate attempt to wind the ship.

The stream anchor suspended astern was let go accordingly. The men then clapped on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and brought the ship's stern up over the kedge; but here she hung, there not being sufficient wind, or current, to force her bows round. A line had been bent to a bight in the stream cable, with a view to help wind the ship, and she now rode by the kedge and this line, with her stern under the raking broadside of the *Linnet,* which brig kept up a steady and well-directed fire. The larboard batteries having been manned and got ready, Captain McDonough ordered all the men from the guns, where they were uselessly suffering, telling them to go forward. By rowsing on the line the ship was at length got so far round that the aftermost gun would bear on the *Confiance,* when it was instantly manned, and began to play. The next gun was used in the same manner, but it was soon apparent that the ship could be got no farther round, for she was now nearly end-on to the wind. At this critical moment Mr. Brum, the master, bethought him of the hawser that had led to the larboard quarter. It was got

forward under the bows, and passed aft to the starboard quarter, when the ship's stern was immediately sprung to the westward, so as to bring all her larboard guns to bear on the English ship, with fatal effect.

As soon as the preparations were made to wind the *Saratoga,* the *Confiance* attempted to perform the same evolution. Her springs were hauled on, but they merely forced the ship ahead, and having borne the fresh broadside of the Americans, until she had scarcely a gun with which to return the fire, and failing in all her efforts to get round, about two hours and a quarter after the commencement of the action, her commanding officer lowered his flag. By hauling again upon the starboard hawser the *Saratoga's* broadside was immediately sprung to bear on the *Linnet,* which brig struck about fifteen minutes after her consort. The enemy's galleys had been driven back, nearly or quite half a mile, and they lay irregularly scattered, and setting to leeward, keeping up a desultory firing. As soon as they found that the large vessels had submitted, they ceased the combat, and lowered their colors. At this proud moment, it is believed, on authority entitled to the highest respect, there was not a single English ensign, out of sixteen or seventeen, that had so lately been flying, left abroad in the bay!

In this long and bloody conflict the *Saratoga* had 28 men killed and 29 wounded, or more than a fourth of all on board her; the *Eagle,* 13 killed and 20 wounded, which was sustaining a loss in nearly an equal proportion; the *Ticonderoga,* 6 killed and 6 wounded; the *Preble,* 2 killed; while on board the ten galleys only 3 were killed and 3

wounded. The *Saratoga* was hulled fifty-five times, principally by twenty-four-pound shot; and the *Eagle* thirty-nine times.

According to the report of Captain Pring, of the *Linnet*, dated on the 12th of September, the *Confiance* lost 41 killed, and 40 wounded. It was admitted, however, that no good opportunity had then existed to ascertain the casualties. At a later day the English themselves enumerated her wounded at 83. This would make the total loss of that ship 124; but even this number is supposed to be materially short of the truth. . . .

Captain McDonough, who was already very favorably known to the service for his personal intrepidity,[3] obtained a vast accession of reputation by the results of this day. His dispositions for receiving the attacks were highly judicious and seaman-like. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoal so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his short guns, he made all his force completely available. The English were not near enough, perhaps, to give to carronades their full effect; but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, a choice in the distance. All that could be obtained, under the circumstances, appears to have been secured, and the result proved the wisdom of the actual arrangement. The personal deportment of Captain McDonough in this engagement, like that of Captain Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness

[3] He had served with honor in the war with Tripoli.

was undisturbed throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and altho lying against a vessel of double the force and nearly double the tonnage of the *Saratoga,* he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance. . . .

The consequences of this victory were immediate and important. During the action Sir George Prevost had skirmished sharply in front of the American works, and was busy in making demonstrations for a more serious attack. As soon, however, as the fate of the British squadron was ascertained, he made a precipitate and unmilitary retreat, abandoning much of his heavy artillery, stores, and supplies, and from that moment to the end of the war the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

HOW FRANCIS SCOTT KEY WROTE "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

(1814)

BY F. S. KEY-SMITH[1]

The school histories have made us all acquainted with the main events that led Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner." We get something like a full-length portrait of this episode in a recently published volume bearing Key's name as its title and evidently proceeding from a descendant—F. S. Key-Smith. It is known that the hymn had its birth amid the cannon-shots of the British attack upon the defenses near Baltimore on September 13, 1814.

Francis Scott Key was a temporary prisoner within the lines of the British fleet whither he had gone to intercede for the release of a friend, Dr. Beans, who had been held by Admiral Cockburn on an unjust charge. The mission succeeded, but the Admiral decided to hold his visitor until his little affair with the forts could be settled. Allowed to remain on their own vessel, the *Minden,* Mr. Key's party were anchored in a position from which they could witness all that would take place in order that their humiliation might be the more complete from the victory which the British were

[1] From the account given by Mr. Key-Smith in his "Francis Scott Key," as summarized by Frederick A. King in *The Literary Digest* of April 29, 1911.

confident of acquiring over their countrymen. In a letter to John Randolph, of Roanoke, the mission was described by Key, but no mention was made of the hymn:

"You will be surprized to hear that I have since then spent eleven days in the British fleet. I went with a flag to endeavor to save poor old Dr. Beans a voyage to Halifax, in which we fortunately succeeded. They detained us until after their attack on Baltimore, and you may imagine what a state of anxiety I endured. Sometimes when I remembered it was there the declaration of this abominable war was received with public rejoicings, I could not feel a hope that they would escape; and again when I thought of the many faithful whose piety lessens that lump of wickedness I could hardly feel a fear.

"To make my feelings still more acute, the Admiral had intimated his fears that the town must be burned, and I was sure that if taken it would have been given up to plunder. I have reason to believe that such a promise was given to their soldiers. It was filled with women and children. I hope I shall never cease to feel the warmest gratitude when I think of this most merciful deliverance. It seems to have given me a higher idea of the 'forbearance, long suffering, and tender mercy' of God, than I had ever before conceived.

"Never was a man more disappointed in his expectations than I have been as to the character of British officers. With some exceptions they appeared to be illiberal, ignorant, and vulgar, and seem filled with a spirit of malignity against everything American. Perhaps, however, I saw them in unfavorable circumstances."

The more vivid style of Mr. Key's descendant pictures for us the particular moment which is looked upon as the special inspiration of the national song:

"Between two and three o'clock in the morning the British, with one or two rocket and several bomb-vessels manned by 1,200 picked men, attempted, under cover of darkness, to slip past the fort and up the Patapsco, hoping to effect a landing and attack the garrison in the rear.

"Succeeding in evading the guns of the fort, but unmindful of Fort Covington, under whose batteries they next came, their enthusiasm over the supposed success of the venture gave way in a derisive cheer, which, borne by the damp night air to our small party of Americans on the *Minden*, must have chilled the blood in their veins and pierced their patriotic hearts like a dagger.

"Fort Covington, the lazaretto, and the American barges in the river now simultaneously poured a galling fire upon the unprotected enemy, raking them fore and aft, in horrible slaughter. Disappointed and disheartened, many wounded and dying, they endeavored to regain their ships, which came closer to the fortifications in an endeavor to protect the retreat. A fierce battle ensued. Fort McHenry opened the full force of all her batteries upon them as they repassed, and the fleet responding with entire broadsides made an explosion so terrific that it seemed as tho Mother Earth had opened and was vomiting shot and shell in a sheet of fire and brimstone.

"The heavens aglow were a seething sea of flame, and the waters of the harbor, lasht into an angry sea by the vibrations, the *Minden* rode and tossed

as tho in a tempest. It is recorded that the houses in the city of Baltimore, two miles distant, were shaken to their foundations. Above the tempestuous roar, intermingled with its hubbub and confusion, were heard the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded. But alas! they were from the direction of the fort. What did it mean? For over an hour the pandemonium reigned. Suddenly it ceased—all was quiet, not a shot fired or sound heard, a deathlike stillness prevailed, as the darkness of night resumed its sway. The awful stillness and suspense were unbearable."

With the first approach of dawn, "Mr. Key turned his weary and bloodshot eyes in the direction of the fort and its flag, but the darkness had given place to a heavy fog of smoke and mist which now enveloped the harbor and hung close down to the surface of the water." Reading on we learn from Mr. Key-Smith:

"Some time must yet elapse before anything definite might be ascertained, or the object of his aching heart's desire discerned. At last it came. A bright streak of gold mingled with crimson shot athwart the eastern sky, followed by another and still another, as the morning sun rose in the fulness of his glory, lifting 'the mists of the deep,' crowning a 'Heaven-blest land' with a new victory and grandeur.

"Through a vista in the smoke and vapor could now be dimly seen the flag of his country. As it caught 'The gleam of the morning's first beam,' and, 'in full glory reflected shone in the stream' his proud and patriotic heart knew no bounds; the wounds inflicted 'by the battle's confusion' were healed instantly as if by magic; a new life sprang

into every fiber, and his pent-up emotions burst forth with an inspiration in a song of praise, victory, and thanksgiving as he exclaimed:

" 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, Oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"As the morning's sun arose, vanquishing the darkness and gloom; lifting the fog and smoke and disclosing his country's flag, victorious, bathed in the delicate hues of morn, only an inspiration caught from such a sight can conceive or describe, and so only in the words of his song can be found the description.

"The first draft of the words were emotionally scribbled upon the back of a letter which he carried in his pocket and of which he made use to dot down some memoranda of his thoughts and sentiments."

Mr. Key and his party were now allowed to go. They returned to Baltimore. On the evening of the same day he wrote out the first complete draft of the song. It was published first in the Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*. Its immediate reception is thus described:

"Copies of the song were struck off in handbill form, and promiscuously distributed on the street. Catching with popular favor like prairie fire it spread in every direction, was read and discust, until, in less than an hour, the news was all over the city.

"Picked up by a crowd of soldiers assembled, some accounts put it, about Captain McCauley's

tavern, next to the Holiday Street Theater, others have it around their tents on the outskirts of the city, Ferdinand Durang, a musician, adapted the words to the old tune of 'Anacreon in Heaven,' and, mounting a chair, rendered it in fine style.

"On the evening of the same day it was again rendered upon the stage of the Holiday Street Theater by an actress, and the theater is said to have gained thereby a national reputation. In about a fortnight it had reached New Orleans and was publicly played by a military band, and shortly thereafter was heard in nearly, if not all, the principal cities and towns throughout the country."

SECESSION IN NEW ENGLAND—THE HARTFORD CONVENTION

(1814—1815)

BY JAMES SCHOULER[1]

When the invader appears honest citizens must choose sides. Forced at length to defend their own homes and firesides, Massachusetts and Connecticut now felt the recoil of unpatriotic behavior. Instead of trusting their governors with the local defense as the administration had done with States which upheld the war, the President now insisted upon retaining the exclusive control of military movements. Because Massachusetts and Connecticut had refused to subject their militia to the orders of the War Department, Monroe declined to pay their expenses. The cry was raised by peace men in consequence that the National Government had abandoned New England to the common enemy. Upon this false assumption—for false, candor must pronounce it, inasmuch as government was maturing all the while a consistent plan of local defense—the Massachusetts leaders made hasty proclamation that no choice was left between submitting to the enemy, which could not be thought of, and appropriating to the defense of the States the revenues derived from her people,

[1] From Schouler's "History of the United States." By permission of the author and of his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. Copyright, 1880-1891.

which had hitherto been spent elsewhere. The Massachusetts Legislature appropriated $1,000,000 to support a State army of 10,000 men. And Otis, who inspired these measures, brought Massachusetts to the point of instituting a delegate convention of Eastern States—this convention to meet at Hartford. A Hartford convention was no new project to Otis's own mind.

The day for assembling was fixt at December 15th. Twelve delegates were appointed by the Massachusetts Legislature, men of worth and respectability, chief of whom were Cabot and Otis. In Connecticut, whose Legislature was not slow to denounce Monroe's conscription plan as barbarous and unconstitutional, a congenial delegation of seven was made up—Goodrich and Hillhouse, hoary men of national renown, at the head. Rhode Island's Legislature added four more to the list. So deep-rooted, however, was the national distrust of this movement that Vermont and New Hampshire shrank from giving the convention a public sanction. New Hampshire had a Republican council; while in Vermont the Plattsburg victory stirred the Union spirit; Chittenden himself having changed in official tone after the war became a defensive one. Violent county conventions representing fractions of towns chose, however, three delegates, two in New Hampshire and one in Vermont, whose credentials being accepted by the convention, the whole number of delegates assembled at Hartford was twenty-six.

This Hartford Convention remains famous in American history only as a powerful menstruum in national politics. What its most earnest projectors had hoped for was left but half done; but

that half work condemned to political infamy twenty-six gentlemen highly respectable. Lawyers, they were, of State eminence, for the most part, and all of high social character, but inclined, like men of ability most used to courts than conventions, to treat constituencies like clients, and spend great pains over phraseology. Perhaps, indeed, these had been selected purposely to play the lion's part, that moderate fellow-citizens, Unionists at heart, whose conversion was essential, might not quake at the roar of the convention. Quincy was not there, nor the stout-hearted Pickering—of whose readiness to become a rebel unless the Constitution could be altered, *flagrante bello,* to suit his views, there can be little doubt. Delegates like the present were prudent rather than earnest, better talkers than actors; men by no means calculated for bold measures.

What bold measures were possible? one may ask. Pickering's Confederacy of 1804[2] would have embraced New York, perhaps Pennsylvania. But these Eastern Federalists, with that clannishness at which Hamilton himself had marveled, were now circumscribed within the limits of New England, and of that section, moreover, but three States out of five had delegations at Hartford worthy of the name. The first effort to assemble a New England convention was, we have seen in 1808-9. The second, if John Quincy Adams may be believed, was in 1812, immediately after the

[2] Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State in Adams's Cabinet, and afterward Senator from Pennsylvania, is here referred to. He came into serious disagreement with Adams and was summarily removed. Out of this rupture and the bad feeling that ensued, came what is known as Pickering's Confederacy.

declaration of war against Great Britain, and that project Dexter defeated by a speech in Faneuil Hall. The third, and present, tho partially successful, by bringing delegates into conference, was, like the Stamp Act Congress, or the Annapolis Conference of 1786, an instrument necessarily for later and riper designs. The American Confederacy, the American Union, are each the product of begetting conventions; nor without prudence were States now forbidden to enter into agreements or compacts with one another without the consent of Congress. The Hartford Convention may well have justified dire forebodings, for it did not dissolve finally, as a mass-meeting might have done, upon a full report, but contingently adjourned to Boston.

Organized on the appointed day in Hartford, then a town of four thousand inhabitants, by the choice of George Cabot as president, and Theodore Dwight as secretary, the present convention remained in close session for three continuous weeks. Of irregular political assemblies the worst may be suspected when proceedings are conducted in secrecy; and never, certainly, were doors shut more closely upon a delegate, and professedly a popular convention, than upon this one; not even doorkeeper or messenger gaining access to the discussion. Inviolable secrecy was enjoined upon every member, including the secretary, at the first meeting, and once more before they dispersed, notwithstanding the acceptance of their final report. The injunction was never removed. Not before a single State legislature whose sanction of this report was desired, not to any body of those constituents whose votes were indispensable

to the ultimate ends, if these ends were legally pursued, was that report elucidated. Four years afterward, when the Hartford Convention and its projectors bent under the full blast of popular displeasure, Cabot delivered to his native State the sealed journal of its proceedings, which had remained in his exclusive custody; but that when opened was found to be a meager sketch of formal proceedings, and no more; making no record of yeas and nays, stating none of the amendments offered to the various reports, attaching the name of no author to a single proposition, in fine, carefully suppressing all means of ascertaining the expression or belief of individual delegates.

Casual letters of contemporaries are preserved sufficient to show that representative Federalists labored with these delegates to procure a separation of the States, but how many more of the same strain President Cabot may have torn up one can only conjecture. That twenty-six public men should have consented to leave no ampler means of vindicating to their own age, and to posterity, themselves and their motives, may evince a noble disinterestedness, sublime confidence in the rectitude of their own intentions, a comforting reliance upon "the Searcher of Hearts," but certainly an astonishing ignorance of human nature in this our inquisitive republic. Assembling amid rumors of treason and the execration of all the country west of the Hudson, its members watched by an army officer who had been conveniently stationed in the vicinity, the Hartford Convention, hardening into stone, preserves for all ages a sphinxlike mystery.

The labors of this convention, whatever they were, ended with a report and resolutions, signed

by the delegates present, and adopted on the day before final adjournment. Report and resolutions disappointed, doubtless, both citizens who had wished a new declaration of independence, and citizens who had feared it. Neither Virginia nor Kentucky could, with propriety, condemn the heresies of State sovereignty which supplied the false logic of this report, and an imperfect experience of this Federal Union may excuse in Otis and his associates theoretical errors which Jefferson and Madison while in the opposition had first inculcated. Constitutional amendments were here proposed which, not utterly objectionable under other circumstances, must have been deemed at this time an insult to those officially responsible for the national safety, and only admissible as a humiliation of the majority. It requires little imagination to read, in report and resolutions, a menace to the Union in its hour of tribulation, a demand for the purse and sword, to which only a craven Congress could have yielded, and a threat of local armies which, with the avowed purpose of mutual aid, might in some not remote contingency be turned against foes American not less than British.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

(Jan. 8, 1815)

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

In the morning Sir Edward Packenham[2] put his army in motion, and marched on New Orleans. When he had gone nearly three miles he suddenly, and to his great surprize, stumbled on the American army. Jackson's men had worked like beavers, and his breastworks were already defended by over three thousand fighting men, and by half a dozen guns, and moreover were flanked by the corvette *Louisiana,* anchored in the stream. No sooner had the heads of the British columns appeared than they were driven back by the fire of the American batteries; the field-pieces, mortars, and rocket guns were then brought up, and a sharp artillery duel took place. The motley crew of the *Louisiana* handled their long ship guns with particular effect; the British rockets proved of but little service; and after a stiff fight, in which they had two field-pieces and a light mortar dismounted,

[1] From Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1882. This battle was the only land engagement in the war that made any impression on Europe, and yet, by a singular fatality, and because of the lack of telegraphic communication with Europe, it was fought fourteen days after the articles of peace were signed in Ghent.

[2] Packenham and his men were veterans who had served under Wellington in the war by which Napoleon was driven from Spain.

the British artillerymen fell back on the infantry. Then Packenham drew off his whole army out of cannon shot, and pitched his camp facing the intrenched lines of the Americans. For the next three days the British battalions lay quietly in front of their foe, like wolves who have brought to bay a gray boar, and crouch just out of reach of his tusks, waiting a chance to close in. . . .

New Year's day dawned very misty. As soon as the haze cleared off the British artillerymen opened with a perfect hail of balls, accompanied by a cloud of rockets and mortar shells. The Americans were taken by surprize, but promptly returned the fire, with equal fury and greater skill. Their guns were admirably handled; some by the cool New England seamen lately forming the crew of the *Carolina,* others by the fierce creole privateersmen of Lafitte, and still others by the trained artillerymen of the regular army. They were all old hands, who in their time had done their fair share of fighting, and were not to be flurried by any attack, however unexpected. The British cannoneers plied their guns like fiends, and fast and thick fell their shot; more slowly but with surer aim, their opponents answered them. The cotton bales used in the American embrasures caught fire, and blew up two powder caissons; while the sugar hogsheads of which the British batteries were partly composed were speedily shattered and splintered in all directions. Tho the British champions fought with unflagging courage and untiring energy, and tho they had long been versed in war, yet they seemed to lack the judgment to see and correct their faults, and most of their shot went too high.

On the other hand, the old sea-dogs and trained regulars who held the field against them, not only fought their guns well and skilfully from the beginning, but all through the action kept coolly correcting their faults and making more sure their aim. Still, the fight was stiff and well contested. Two of the American guns were disabled and thirty-four of their men were killed or wounded. But one by one the British cannon were silenced or dismounted, and by noon their gunners had all been driven away, with the loss of seventy-eight of their number. . . .

For a week after this failure the army of the invaders lay motionless facing the Americans. In the morning and evening the defiant, rolling challenge of the English drums came throbbing up through the gloomy cypress swamps to where the grim riflemen of Tennessee were lying behind their log breastworks, and both day and night the stillness was at short intervals broken by the sullen boom of the great guns which, under Jackson's orders, kept up a never-ending fire on the leaguering camp of his foes. Nor could the wearied British even sleep undisturbed; all through the hours of darkness the outposts were engaged in a most harassing bush warfare by the backwoodsmen, who shot the sentries, drove in the pickets, and allowed none of those who were on guard a moment's safety or freedom from alarm.

But Packenham was all the while steadily preparing for his last and greatest stroke. He had determined to make an assault in force as soon as the expected reenforcements came up; nor, in the light of his past experience in conflict with foes of far greater military repute than those

now before him, was this a rash resolve. He had seen the greatest of Napoleon's marshals, each in turn, defeated once and again, and driven in headlong flight over the Pyrenees by the Duke of Wellington; now he had under him the flower of the troops who had won those victories; was it to be supposed for a moment that such soldiers who, in a dozen battles, had conquered the armies and captured the forts of the mighty French emperor, would shrink at last from a mud wall guarded by rough backwoodsmen?

That there would be loss of life in such an assault was certain; but was loss of life to daunt men who had seen the horrible slaughter through which the stormers moved on to victory at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and San Sebastian?[3] At the battle of Toulouse an English army, of which Packenham's troops then formed part, had driven Soult from a stronger position than was now to be assailed, tho he held it with a veteran infantry. Of a surety, the dashing general who had delivered the decisive blow on the stricken field of Salamanca, who had taken part in the rout of the ablest generals and steadiest soldiers of Continental Europe, was not the man to flinch from a motley array of volunteers, militia, and raw regulars, led by a grizzled old bush-fighter, whose name had never been heard of outside of his own swamps, and there only as the savage destroyer of some scarcely more savage Indian tribes. . . .

Packenham had under him nearly 10,000 fighting men; 1,500 of these, under Colonel Thornton were to cross the river and make the attack on the west bank. Packenham himself was to super-

[3] The names of battles in the peninsular war.

intend the main assault, on the east bank, which was to be made by the British right under General Gibbs, while the left moved forward under General Keane, and General Lambert commanded the reserve. Jackson's position was held by a total of 5,500 men. Having kept a constant watch on the British, Jackson had rightly concluded that they would make the main attack on the east bank, and had, accordingly, kept the bulk of his force on that side. His works consisted simply of a mud breastwork, with a ditch in front of it, which stretched in a straight line from the river on his right across the plain, and some distance into the morass that sheltered his left. There was a small, unfinished redoubt in front of the breastworks on the river bank. Thirteen pieces of artillery were mounted on the works. On the right was posted the Seventh regular infantry, 430 strong; then came 740 Louisiana militia (both French creoles and men of color, and comprising 30 New Orleans riflemen, who were Americans), and 240 regulars of the Forty-fourth regiment; while the rest of the line was formed by nearly 500 Kentuckians and over 1,600 Tennesseeans, under Carroll and Coffee, with 250 creole militia in the morass on the extreme left, to guard the head of a bayou. In the rear were 230 dragoons, chiefly from Mississippi, and some other troops in reserve; making in all 4,700 men on the east bank. The works on the west bank were farther down stream, and were very much weaker. . . .

All through the night of the 7th a strange, murmurous clangor arose from the British camp, and was borne on the moist air to the lines of their slumbering foes. The blows of pickax and spade

as the ground was thrown up into batteries by gangs of workmen, the rumble of the artillery as it was placed in position, the measured tread of the battalions as they shifted their places or marched off under Thornton—all these and the thousand other sounds of warlike preparation were softened and blended by the distance into one continuous humming murmur, which struck on the ears of the American sentries with ominous foreboding for the morrow.

By midnight Jackson had risen and was getting everything in readiness to hurl back the blow that he rightly judged was soon to fall on his front. Before the dawn broke his soldiery was all on the alert. The bronzed and brawny seamen were grouped in clusters around the great guns. The creole soldiers came of a race whose habit it has ever been to take all phases of life joyously; but that morning their gayety was tempered by a dark undercurrent of fierce anxiety. They had more at stake than any other men on the field. They were fighting for their homes; they were fighting for their wives and their daughters. They well knew that the men they were to face were very brave in battle and very cruel in victory; they well knew the fell destruction and nameless woe that awaited their city should the English take it at the sword's point. They feared not for themselves; but in the hearts of the bravest and most careless there lurked a dull terror of what that day might bring upon those they loved. The Tennesseeans were troubled by no such misgivings. In saturnine, confident silence they lolled behind their mud walls, or, leaning on their long rifles, peered out into the gray fog with savage, reckless

eyes. So, hour after hour, the two armies stood facing each other in the darkness, waiting for the light of day.

At last the sun rose, and as its beams struggled through the morning mist they glinted on the sharp steel bayonets of the English, where their scarlet ranks were drawn up in battle array, but four hundred yards from the American breastworks. There stood the matchless infantry of the island king, in the pride of their strength and the splendor of their martial glory; and as the haze cleared away they moved forward, in stern silence, broken only by the angry, snarling notes of the brazen bugles.

At once the American artillery leaped into furious life; and, ready and quick, the more numerous cannon of the invaders responded from their hot, feverish lips. Unshaken amid the tumult of that iron storm the heavy red column moved steadily on toward the left of the American line, where the Tennesseeans were standing in motionless, grim expectancy. Three-fourths of the open space was crossed, and the eager soldiers broke into a run. Then a fire of hell smote the British column. From the breastwork in front of them the white smoke curled thick into the air, as rank after rank the wild marksmen of the backwoods rose and fired, aiming low and sure. As stubble is withered by flame, so withered the British column under that deadly fire; and, aghast at the slaughter, the reeling files staggered and gave back. Packenham, fit captain for his valorous host, rode to the front, and the troops, rallying round him, sprang forward with ringing cheers.

But once again the pealing rifle-blast beat in

their faces; and the life of their dauntless leader went out before its scorching and fiery breath. With him fell the other general who was with the column, and all of the men who were leading it on; and, as a last resource, Keane brought up his stalwart Highlanders; but in vain the stubborn mountaineers rushed on, only to die as their comrades had died before them, with unconquerable courage, facing the foe, to the last. Keane himself was struck down; and the shattered wrecks of the British column, quailing before certain destruction, turned and sought refuge beyond reach of the leaden death that had overwhelmed their comrades.

Nor did it fare better with the weaker force that was to assail the right of the American line. This was led by the dashing Colonel Rennie, who, when the confusion caused by the main attack was at its height, rushed forward with impetuous bravery along the river bank. With such headlong fury did he make the assault, that the rush of his troops took the outlying redoubt, whose defenders, regulars and artillerymen, fought to the last with their bayonets and clubbed muskets, and were butchered to a man.

Without delay Rennie flung his men at the breastworks behind, and, gallantly leading them, sword in hand, he, and all around him, fell, riddled through and through by the balls of the riflemen. Brave tho they were, the British soldiers could not stand against the singing, leaden hail, for if they stood it was but to die. So in rout and wild dismay they fled back along the river bank, to the main army. For some time afterward the British artillery kept up its fire, but was gradu-

ally silenced; the repulse was entire and complete along the whole line; nor did the cheering news of success brought from the west bank give any hope to the British commanders, stunned by their crushing overthrow.

Meanwhile Colonel Thornton's attack on the opposite side had been successful, but had been delayed beyond the originally intended hour. The sides of the canal by which the boats were to be brought through to the Mississippi caved in, and choked the passage, so that only enough got through to take over a half of Thornton's force. With these, seven hundred in number, he crossed, but as he did not allow for the current, it carried him down about two miles below the proper landing-place. Meanwhile General Morgan, having under him eight hundred militia whom it was of the utmost importance to have kept together, promptly divided them and sent three hundred of the rawest and most poorly armed down to meet the enemy in the open. The inevitable result was their immediate rout and dispersion; about one hundred got back to Morgan's lines. He then had six hundred men, all militia, to oppose to seven hundred regulars. So he stationed the four hundred best disciplined men to defend the two hundred yards of strong breastworks, mounting three guns, which covered his left; while the two hundred worst disciplined were placed to guard six hundred yards of open ground on his right, with their flank resting in air, and entirely unprotected. This truly phenomenal arrangement ensured beforehand the certain defeat of his troops, no matter how well they fought; but, as it turned out, they hardly fought at all. Thornton, pushing

up the river, first attacked the breastwork in front, but was checked by a hot fire; deploying his men he then sent a strong force to march round and take Morgan on his exposed right flank. There, the already demoralized Kentucky militia, extended in thin order across an open space, outnumbered, and taken in flank by regular troops, were stampeded at once, and after firing a single volley they took to their heels. This exposed the flank of the better disciplined creoles, who were also put to flight; but they kept some order and were soon rallied. In bitter rage Patterson spiked the guns of his water-battery and marched off with his sailors, unmolested. The American loss had been slight, and that of their opponents not heavy, tho among their dangerously wounded was Colonel Thornton.

This success, tho a brilliant one, and a disgrace to the American arms, had no effect on the battle. Jackson at once sent over reenforcements under the famous French general, Humbert, and preparations were forthwith made to retake the lost position. But it was already abandoned, and the force that had captured it had been recalled by Lambert, when he found that the place could not be held without additional troops. The total British loss on both sides of the river amounted to over two thousand men, the vast majority of whom had fallen in the attack on the Tennesseeans, and most of the remainder in the attack made by Colonel Rennie. The Americans had lost but seventy men, of whom but thirteen fell in the main attack. On the east bank, neither the creole militia nor the Forty-fourth regiment had taken any part in the combat.

The English had thrown for high stakes and had lost everything, and they knew it. There was nothing to hope for left. Nearly a fourth of their fighting men had fallen; and among the officers the proportion was far larger. Of their four generals, Packenham was dead, Gibbs dying, Keane disabled, and only Lambert left. Their leader, the ablest officers, and all the flower of their bravest men were lying, stark and dead, on the bloody plain before them; and their bodies were doomed to crumble into moldering dust on the green fields where they had fought and had fallen. It was useless to make another trial.

HOW AMERICAN SUCCESS IN THE WAR IMPREST EUROPE

BY HENRY ADAMS[1]

The American declaration of war against England, July 18, 1812, annoyed those European nations that were gathering their utmost resources for resistance to Napoleon's attack. Russia could not but regard it as an unfriendly act, equally bad for political and commercial interests. Spain and Portugal, whose armies were fed largely if not chiefly on American grain imported by British money under British protection, dreaded to see their supplies cut off. Germany, waiting only for strength to recover her freedom, had to reckon against one more element in Napoleon's vast military resources. England needed to make greater efforts in order to maintain the advantages she had gained in Russia and Spain. Even in America no one doubted the earnestness of England's wish for peace; and if Madison and Monroe insisted on her acquiescence in their terms, they insisted because they believed that their military position entitled them to expect it. The reconquest of Russia and Spain by Napoleon, an event almost certain to happen, could hardly fail to force from England the concessions, not in themselves unreasonable, which the United States required.

[1] From Adams' "History of the United States." By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. Copyright, 1890.

This was, as Madison to the end of his life maintained, "a fair calculation;" but it was exasperating to England, who thought that America ought to be equally interested with Europe in overthrowing the military despotism of Napoleon, and should not conspire with him for gain. At first the new war disconcerted the feeble Ministry that remained in office on the death of Spencer Perceval[2]: they counted on preventing it, and did their utmost to stop it after it was begun. The tone of arrogance which had so long characterized government and press disappeared for the moment. Obscure newspapers, like the London *Evening Star,* still sneered at the idea that Great Britain was to be "driven from the proud preeminence which the blood and treasure of her sons have attained for her among the nations, by a piece of striped bunting flying at the mastheads of a few fir-built frigates, manned by a handful of bastards and outlaws"—a phrase which had great success in America—but such defiances exprest a temper studiously held in restraint previous to the movement when the war was seen to be inevitable. . . .

The realization that no escape could be found from an American war was forced on the British public at a moment of much discouragement. Almost simultaneously a series of misfortunes occurred which brought the stoutest and most intelligent Englishmen to the verge of despair. In Spain Wellington, after winning the battle of Salamanca in July, occupied Madrid in August, and obliged Soult to evacuate Andalusia; but his siege of Burgos failed, and as the French generals concen-

[2] Prime Minister of Great Britain, assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812.

trated their scattered forces, Wellington was obliged to abandon Madrid once more. October 21st he was again in full retreat on Portugal. The apparent failure of his campaign was almost simultaneous with the apparent success of Napoleon's; for the Emperor entered Moscow September 14th, and the news of this triumph, probably decisive of Russian submission, reached England about October 3d. Three days later arrived intelligence of William Hull's surrender at Detroit; but this success was counterbalanced by simultaneous news of Isaac Hull's startling capture of the *Guerrière,* and the certainty of a prolonged war.[3]

In the desponding condition of the British people—with a deficient harvest, bad weather, wheat at nearly five dollars a bushel, and the American supply likely to be cut off; consols at 57½, gold at 30 per cent. premium; a Ministry without credit or authority, and a general consciousness of blunders, incompetence, and corruption—every new tale of disaster sank the hopes of England and called out wails of despair. In that state of mind the loss of the *Guerrière* assumed portentous dimensions. The *Times* was especialy loud in lamenting the capture:

"We witnessed the gloom which that event cast over high and honorable minds. . . . Never before in the history of the world did an English frigate strike to an American; and tho we can not say that Captain Dacres, under all circumstances,

[3] William and Isaac Hull have often been confused. Both were born in Derby, Conn., but William was the elder by twenty years. William was Governor of Michigan at the time he surrendered Detroit.

is punishable for this act, yet we do say there are commanders in the English navy who would a thousand times rather have gone down with their colors flying than have set their fellow sailors so fatal an example."

No country newspaper in America, railing at Hull's cowardice and treachery, showed less knowledge or judgment than the London *Times,* which had written of nothing but war since its name had been known in England. Any American could have assured the English press that British frigates before the *Guerrière* had struck to American; and even in England men had not forgotten the name of the British frigate *Serapis,* or that of the American Captain Paul Jones. Yet the *Times's* ignorance was less unreasonable than its requirement that Dacres should have gone down with his ship—a cry of passion the more unjust to Dacres because he fought his ship as long as she could float. Such sensitiveness seemed extravagant in a society which had been hardened by centuries of warfare; yet the *Times* reflected fairly the feelings of Englishmen. . . .

Society soon learned to take a more sensible view of the subject; but as the first depression passed away, a consciousness of personal wrong took its place. The United States were supposed to have stabbed England in the back at the moment when her hands were tied, when her existence was in the most deadly peril and her anxieties were most heavy. England never could forgive treason so base and cowardice so vile. That Madison had been from the first a tool and accomplice of Bonaparte was thenceforward so fixt an idea in British history that time could not shake it. Indeed, so

complicated and so historical had the causes of war become that no one even in America could explain or understand them, while Englishmen could see only that America required England as the price of peace to destroy herself by abandoning her naval power, and that England preferred to die fighting rather than to die by her own hand. The American party in England was extinguished; no further protest was heard against the war; and the British people thought moodily of revenge.

This result was unfortunate for both parties, but was doubly unfortunate for America, because her mode of making the issue told in her enemy's favor. The same impressions which silenced in England open sympathy with America, stimulated in America acute sympathy with England. Argument was useless against people in passion, convinced of their own injuries. Neither Englishmen nor Federalists were open to reasoning. They found their action easy from the moment they classed the United States as an ally of France, like Bavaria or Saxony; and they had no scruples of conscience, for the practical alliance was clear, and the fact proved sufficiently the intent. . . .

The loss of two or three thirty-eight-gun frigates on the ocean was a matter of trifling consequence to the British Government, which had a force of four ships-of-the-line and six or eight frigates in Chesapeake Bay alone, and which built every year dozens of ships-of-the line and frigates to replace those lost or worn out; but altho American privateers wrought more injury to British interests than was caused or could be caused by the American navy, the pride of England cared little about mercantile losses, and cared immensely for its

fighting reputation. The theory that the American was a degenerate Englishman—a theory chiefly due to American teachings—lay at the bottom of British politics. Even the late British Minister at Washington, Foster, a man of average intelligence, thought it manifest good taste and good sense to say of the Americans in his speech of February 18, 1813, in Parliament, that "generally speaking, they were not a people we should be proud to acknowledge as our relations."[4] Decatur and Hull were engaged in a social rather than in a political contest, and were aware that the serious work on their hands had little to do with England's power, but much to do with her manners. The mortification of England at the capture of her frigates was the measure of her previous arrogance. . . .

Instantly after the loss of the *Guerrière* the English discovered and complained that American gunnery was superior to their own. They explained their inferiority by the length of time that had elapsed since their navy had found on the ocean an enemy to fight. Every vestige of hostile fleets had been swept away, until, after the battle of Trafalgar, British frigates ceased practice with their guns. Doubtless the British navy had become somewhat careless in the absence of a dangerous enemy, but Englishmen were themselves aware that some other cause must have affected their losses. Nothing showed that Nelson's line-of-battle ships, frigates, or sloops were, as a rule, better

[4] Sir Augustus John Foster, whose manners are described as "not conciliatory," and who "did nothing to stave off the War of 1812," had already retired from his post in Washington and returned to England. He afterward served at minor European courts, and in 1848 committed suicide by cutting his throat.

fought than the *Macedonian* and *Java*, the *Avon* and *Reindeer*. Sir Howard Douglas, the chief authority on the subject, attempted in vain to explain British reverses by the deterioration of British gunnery. His analysis showed only that American gunnery was extraordinarily good. . . .

None of the reports of former British victories showed that the British fire had been more destructive at any previous time than in 1812, and no report of any commander since the British navy existed showed so much damage inflicted on an opponent in so short a time as was proved to have been inflicted on themselves by the reports of British commanders in the American war. The strongest proof of American superiority was given by the best British officers, like Broke, who strained every nerve to maintain an equality with American gunnery. . . .

Unwilling as the English were to admit the superior skill of Americans on the ocean, they did not hesitate to admit it, in certain respects, on land. The American rifle in American hands was affirmed to have no equal in the world. This admission could scarcely be withheld after the lists of killed and wounded which followed almost every battle; but the admission served to check a wider inquiry. In truth, the rifle played but a small part in the war. Winchester's men at the river Raisin may have owed their overconfidence, as the British Forty-first owed its losses, to that weapon, and at New Orleans five or six hundred of Coffee's men, who were out of range, were armed with the rifle; but the surprizing losses of the British were commonly due to artillery and musketry fire. At New Orleans the artillery was chiefly engaged.

The artillery battle of January 1st, according to British accounts, amply proved the superiority of American gunnery on that occasion, which was probably the fairest test during the war. The battle of January 8th was also chiefly an artillery battle: the main British column never arrived within fair musket range; Packenham was killed by a grape-shot, and the main column of his troops halted more than one hundred yards from the parapet.

The best test of British and American military qualities, both for men and weapons, was Scott's battle of Chippewa. Nothing intervened to throw a doubt over the fairness of the trial. Two parallel lines of regular soldiers, practically equal in numbers, armed with similar weapons, moved in close order toward each other across a wide, open plain, without cover or advantage of position, stopping at intervals to load and fire, until one line broke and retired. At the same time two three-gun batteries, the British being the heavier, maintained a steady fire from positions opposite each other. According to the reports, the two infantry lines in the center never came nearer than eighty yards. Major-General Riall reported that then, owing to severe losses, his troops broke and could not be rallied. Comparison of official report showed that the British lost in killed and wounded four hundred and sixty-nine men; the Americans, two hundred and ninety-six. Some doubts always affect the returns of wounded, because the severity of the wound cannot be known; but dead men tell their own tale. Riall reported one hundred and forty-eight killed; Scott reported sixty-one. The severity of the losses showed that the battle was

sharply contested, and proved the personal bravery of both armies. Marksmanship decided the result, and the returns proved that the American fire was superior to that of the British in the proportion of more than fifty per cent. if estimated by the entire loss, and of two hundred and forty-two to one hundred if estimated by the deaths alone.

The conclusion seemed incredible, but it was supported by the results of the naval battles. The Americans showed superiority amounting in some cases to twice the efficiency of their enemies in the use of weapons. The best French critic of the naval war, Jurien de la Gravière, said: "An enormous superiority in the rapidity and precision of their fire can alone explain the difference in the losses sustained by the combatants." So far from denying this conclusion, the British press constantly alleged it, and the British officers complained of it. The discovery caused great surprize, and in both British services much attention was at once directed to improvement in artillery and musketry. Nothing could exceed the frankness with which Englishmen avowed their inferiority. According to Sir Francis Head, "gunnery was in naval warfare in the extraordinary state of ignorance we have just described, when our lean children, the American people, taught us, rod in hand, our first lesson in the art." The English text-book on Naval Gunnery, written by Major-General Sir Howard Douglas immediately after the peace, devoted more attention to the short American war than to all the battles of Napoleon, and began by admitting that Great Britain had "entered with too great confidence on war with a marine much more expert than that of any of our European

enemies." The admission appeared "objectionable" even to the author; but he did not add, what was equally true, that it applied as well to the land as to the sea service.

No one questioned the bravery of the British forces, or the ease with which they often routed larger bodies of militia; but the losses they inflicted were rarely as great as those they suffered. Even at Bladensburg, where they met little resistance, their loss was several times greater than that of the Americans. At Plattsburg, where the intelligence and quickness of Macdonough and his men alone won the victory, his ships were in effect stationary batteries, and enjoyed the same superiority in gunnery. "The *Saratoga,*" said his official report, "had fifty-five round-shot in her hull; the *Confiance,* one hundred and five. The enemy's shot passed principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings at the close of the action."

The greater skill of the Americans was not due to special training; for the British service was better trained in gunnery, as in everything else, than the motley armies and fleets that fought at New Orleans and on the Lakes. Critics constantly said that every American had learned from his childhood the use of the rifle; but he certainly had not learned to use cannon in shooting birds or hunting deer, and he knew less than the Englishman about the handling of artillery and muskets. The same intelligence that selected the rifle and the long pivot-gun for favorite weapons was shown in handling the carronade, and every other instrument however clumsy.

THE FIRST SEMINOLE WAR

(1817—1818)

BY JAMES PARTON[1]

Upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain the army was reduced to ten thousand men, commanded by two major-generals, one of whom was to reside at the North and command the troops stationed there, and the other to bear military sway at the South. The generals selected for these commands were General Jacob Brown[2] for the Northern division, and General Andrew Jackson for the Southern, both of whom had entered the service at

[1] From Parton's "Life of Jackson." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co. Copyright 1892. The first Seminole War was brought on by depredations committed by the Indians on frontier settlements in the South. Jackson's success in this war had an important bearing on the subsequent acquisition of Florida by the United States. It was during a discussion in Congress as to Jackson's conduct of the war that the Spanish minister signed a treaty for the cession of Florida to the United States. Various claims made by Americans were extinguished under this treaty through the payment to the claimants by the American Government of $5,000,000. Had Jackson failed in his campaign, it is unlikely that the treaty would have been negotiated.

[2] General Brown, a native of Buck's County, Pa., was made a brigadier-general in the regular army in 1813. In the following year he was placed in command of the Army of Niagara, with the rank of major-general, and fought the British at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, where General Winfield Scott distinguished himself. General Brown, in 1821, was made General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States.

the beginning of the late war as generals of militia. General Jackson's visit to Washington on this occasion was in obedience to an order, couched in the language of an invitation, received from the Secretary of War soon after his return from New Orleans; the object of his visit being to arrange the posts and stations of the army. The feeling was general at the time that the disasters of the War of 1812 were chiefly due to the defenseless and unprepared condition of the country, and that it was the first duty of the Government, on the return of peace, to see to it that the assailable points were fortified. "Let us never be caught napping again"; "In time of peace prepare for war," were popular sayings then. On these and all other subjects connected with the defense of the country the advice of General Jackson was asked and given. His own duty, it was evident, was first of all to pacify, and if possible satisfy, the restless and sorrowful Indians in the Southwest. The vanquished tribe, it was agreed, should be dealt with forbearingly and liberally. The general undertook to go in person into the Indian country and remove from their minds all discontent. He did so.

It is not possible to overstate his popularity in his own State. He was its pride, boast, and glory. Tennesseeans felt a personal interest in his honor and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their enemity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequaled social eminence; and, to add to the other felicities of his lot, his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his estate could be added to his capital, the pay of a major-general being sufficient for the support of his family. He

was forty-nine years old in 1816. He had riches, rank, power, renown, and all in full measure.

But in 1817 there was trouble again among the Indians—the Indians of Florida, the allies of Great Britain during the War of 1812, commonly known by the name of Seminoles. Composed in part of fugitive Creeks, who scouted the treaty of Fort Jackson, they had indulged the expectation that on the conclusion of peace they would be restored by their powerful ally to the lands wrested from the Creeks by Jackson's conquering army in 1814. This poor remnant of tribes once so numerous and powerful had not a thought, at first, of attempting to regain the lost lands by force of arms. The best testimony now procurable confirms their own solemnly reiterated assertions that they long desired and endeavored to live in peace with the white settlers of Georgia. All their "talks," petitions, remonstrances, letters, of which a large number are still accessible, breathe only the wish for peace and fair dealing. The Seminoles were drawn at last into a collision with the United States by a chain of circumstances with which they had little to do, and the responsibility of which belongs not to them.

The Government, in the absence of a general officer from the scene of hostilities, resolved upon ordering General Jackson to take command in person of the troops upon the frontiers of Georgia. On the 22d of January, General Jackson and his "guard" left Nashville amid the cheers of the entire population. The distance from Nashville to Fort Scott is about four hundred and fifty miles. In the evening of March 9th, forty-six days after leaving Nashville, he reached Fort Scott with eleven hundred hungry men. No tidings yet of the Ten-

nessee troops under Colonel Hayne! There was no time to spend, however, in waiting or surmising. The general found himself at Fort Scott in command of two thousand men, and his whole stock of provisions one quart of corn and three rations of meat per man. There was no supply in his rear, for he had swept the country on his line of march of every bushel of corn and every animal fit for food. He had his choice of two courses only: to remain at Fort Scott and starve, or to go forward and find provisions. It is not necessary to say which of these alternatives Andrew Jackson selected. "Accordingly," he wrote, "having been advised by Colonel Gibson, quartermaster-general, that he would sail from New Orleans on the 12th of February with supplies, and being also advised that two sloops with provisions were in the bay, and an officer had been dispatched from Fort Scott in a large keel-boat to bring up a part of their loading, and deeming that the preservation of these supplies would be to preserve the army, and enable me to prosecute the campaign, I assumed the command on the morning of the 10th, ordered the live stock to be slaughtered and issued to the troops, with one quart of corn to each man, and the line of march to be taken up at twelve meridian."

It was necessary to cross the swollen river, an operation which consumed all the afternoon, all the dark night succeeding, and a part of the next morning. Five days' march along the banks of the Appalachicola—past the scene of the massacre of Lieutenant Scott—brought the army to the site of the old Negro Fort on Prospect Bluff. On the way, however, the army, to its great joy, met the ascending boat-load of flour, when the men had

their first full meal since leaving Fort Early, three weeks before. Upon the site of the Negro Fort, General Jackson ordered his aide, Lieutenant Gadsden, of the engineers, to construct a fortification, which was promptly done, and named by the general Fort Gadsden, in honor, as he said, of the "talents and indefatigable zeal" of the builder. . . .

On the 6th of April the army reached St. Marks, and halted in the vicinity of the fort. The general sent in to the Governor his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Gadsden, bearing a letter explanatory of his objects and purposes. He had come, he said, "to chastise a savage foe, who, combined with a lawless band of negro brigands, had been for some time past carrying on a cruel and unprovoked war against the citizens of the United States." He had already met and put to flight parties of the hostile Indians. He had received information that those Indians had fled to St. Marks and found protection within its walls; that both Indians and negroes had procured supplies of ammunition there; and that the Spanish garrison, from the smallness of its numbers, was unable to resist the demands of the savages.

"To prevent the recurrence of so gross a violation of neutrality, and to exclude our savage enemies from so strong a hold as St. Marks, I deem it expedient to garrison that fortress with American troops until the close of the present war. This measure is justifiable on the immutable principle of self-defense, and can not but be satisfactory, under existing circumstances, to his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain." [So added Jackson.]

The Governor replied that he had been made to understand General Jackson's letter only with the

greatest difficulty, as there was no one within the fort who could properly translate it. He denied that the Indians and negroes had ever obtained supplies, succor, or encouragement from Fort St. Marks. On the contrary, they had menaced the fort with assault because supplies had been refused them. With regard to delivering up the fort entrusted to his care, he had no authority to do so, and must write on the subject to his Government. Meanwhile he prayed General Jackson to suspend his operations. "The sick your Excellency sent in," concluded the polite Governor, "are lodged in the Royal Hospital, and I have afforded them every aid which circumstances admit. I hope your Excellency will give me other opportunities of evincing the desire I have to satisfy you. I trust your Excellency will pardon my not answering you as soon as requested, for reasons which have been given you by your aide-de-camp. I do not accompany this with an English translation, as your Excellency desires, because there is no one in the fort capable thereof, but the before-named William Hambly proposes to translate it to your Excellency in the best manner he can."

This was delivered to General Jackson on the morning of the 7th of April. He instantly replied to it by taking possession of the fort! The Spanish flag was lowered, the Stars and Stripes floated from the flagstaff, and American troops took up their quarters within the fortress. The Governor made no resistance, and indeed could make none. When all was over, he sent to General Jackson a formal protest against his proceedings, to which the General briefly replied: "The occupancy of Fort St. Marks by my troops previous to your

assenting to the measure became necessary from the difficulties thrown in the way of an amicable adjustment, notwithstanding my assurances that every arrangement should be made to your satisfaction, and expressing a wish that my movements against our common enemy should not be retarded by a tedious negotiation. I again repeat what has been reiterated to you through my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Gadsden, that your personal rights and private property shall be respected, that your situation shall be made as comfortable as practicable while compelled to remain in Fort St. Marks, and that transports shall be furnished, as soon as they can be obtained to convey yourself, family, and command to Pensacola."

Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scotch trader among the Indians, was found within the fort, an inmate of the Governor's own quarters. It appears that on the arrival of General Jackson he was preparing to leave St. Marks. His horse, saddled and bridled, was standing at the gate. General Jackson had no sooner taken possession of St. Marks than Arbuthnot became a prisoner. "In Fort St. Marks," wrote General Jackson, "an inmate in the family of the Spanish commandant, an Englishman by the name of Arbuthnot was found. Unable satisfactorily to explain the object of his visiting this country, and there being a combination of circumstances to justify a suspicion that his views were not honest, he was ordered into close confinement."

For two days only the army remained at Fort St. Marks. Suwanee, the far-famed and dreaded Suwanee, the town of the great chief Boleck, or Bowlegs, the refuge of negroes, was General Jack-

son's next object. It was one hundred and seven miles from St. Marks, and the route lay through a flat and swampy wilderness, little known and destitute of forage. On the 9th of April, leaving a strong garrison at the fort, and supplying the troops with rations for eight days, the general again plunged into the forest—the white troops in advance, the Indians, under General McIntosh, a few miles in the rear.

The army made slow progress, wading through extensive sheets of water; the horses starving for want of forage, and giving out daily in large numbers. Late in the afternoon of the third day the troops reached a "remarkable pond," which the Indian guides said was only six miles from Suwanee town. At sunset the lines were formed, and the whole army rushed forward.

But the prey had been forewarned. A letter from Arbuthnot to his son had reached the place and had been explained to Bowlegs, who had been ever since employed in sending the women and children across the broad Suwanee into those inaccessible retreats which render Florida the best place in the world for such warfare as Indians wage. The troops reached the vicinity of the town, and in a few minutes drove out the enemy and captured the place. The pursuit was continued on the following morning by General Gaines; but the foe had vanished by a hundred paths, and were no more seen. . . .

In the evening of April 17th the whole army encamped on the level banks of the Suwanee. In the dead of night an incident occurred which can here be related in the language of the same young Tennessee officer who has already narrated for us

the capture of the chiefs and their execution. Fortunately for us, he kept a journal of the campaign. This journal, written at the time partly with a decoction of roots and partly with the blood of the journalist—for ink was not attainable—lay for forty years among his papers, and was copied at length by the obliging hand of his daughter for the readers of these pages. "About midnight of April 18th," wrote our journalist, "the repose of the army, then bivouacked on the plains of the old town of Suwanee, was suddenly disturbed by the deep-toned report of a musket, instantly followed by the sharp crack of the American rifle. The signal to arms was given, and where but a moment before could only be heard the measured tread of the sentinels and the low moaning of the long-leafed pines, now stood five thousand men, armed, watchful, and ready for action. The cause of the alarm was soon made known. Four men, two whites and two negroes, had been captured while attempting to enter the camp. They were taken in charge by the guard, and the army again sank to such repose as war allows her votaries. When morning came it was ascertained that the prisoners were Robert C. Ambrister, a white attendant named Peter B. Cook, and two negro servants—Ambrister being a nephew of the English governor, Cameron, of the Island of New Providence, an ex-lieutenant of British marines, and suspected of being engaged in the business of counseling and furnishing munitions of war to the Indians in furtherance of their contest with the United States. Ignorant of the situation of the American camp, he had blundered into it while endeavoring to reach Suwanee town to meet the Indians, being also unaware that

the latter had been driven thence on the previous day by Jackson."[3]

Ambrister was conducted to St. Marks and placed in confinement, together with his companions. The fact that through Arbuthnot the Suwanee people had escaped, thus rendering the last swift march comparatively fruitless, was calculated, it must be owned, to exasperate the mind of General Jackson.

The Seminole War, so called, was over, for the time. On the 20th of April the Georgia troops marched homeward to be disbanded. On the 24th, General McIntosh and his brigade of Indians were dismissed. On the 25th General Jackson, with his Tennesseeans and regulars, was again at Fort St. Marks. It was forty-six days since he had entered Florida, and thirteen weeks since he left Nashville.

[3] Ambrister had been connected with Arbuthnot in trading enterprises, and was believed to have headed some Indians and negroes in their defense of Suwanee. General Jackson put Arbuthnot and Ambrister both on trial for their lives before a court-martial. Arbuthnot was accused of exciting and stirring up the Indians to war with the United States and of furnishing them the means to carry it on. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Ambrister was also found guilty, and by two-thirds of the court was sentenced to death, but his case came up for reconsideration, when the sentence was changed to fifty stripes on the bare back and confinement at hard labor with ball and chain for twelve months. Jackson had both men executed by hanging. The case aroused much controversy in the country. A majority of the Military Committee of the Lower House of Congress condemned Jackson's action. The case, on being put to a vote of the House, resulted in 62 for disapproval and 103 against it.

THE MEANING OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

(1817—1823)

BY ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN[1]

The formulation of the Monroe Doctrine, as distinguished from its origin, resulted, as is universally understood, from the political conditions caused by the revolt of the Spanish colonies in America. Up to that time, and for centuries previous, the name Spain had signified to Europe in general not merely the mother-country, but a huge colonial system, with its special economical and commercial regulation; the latter being determined through its colonial relations, upon the narrowest construction of colonial policy then known, which was saying a great deal. Spain stood for the Spanish empire, divisible primarily into two chief components, Spain and Greater Spain—the mother-country and the colonies. The passage of time had been gradually reversing the relative importance of the two in the apprehension of other European states.

In Sir Robert Walpole's[2] day it was believed by

[1] From an article by Admiral Mahan, written for the *National Review*, and since collected in his volume, entitled "Naval Administration and Warfare," reprinted here by his permission, and that of his publishers, Little, Brown, & Co. Copyright, 1908.

[2] Walpole had long served in the British Cabinet when made Prime Minister in 1715-17, and again in 1721-42. He was the father of Horace Walpole.

many beside himself that Great Britain could not make head against France and Spain combined. The naval power of Spain, and consequently her political weight, still received awed consideration; a relic of former fears. This continued, tho in a diminished degree, through the War of American Independence; but by the end of the century, while it may be too much to affirm that such apprehension had wholly disappeared—that no account was taken of the unwieldy numbers of ill-manned and often ill-officered ships that made up the Spanish navy—it is true that a Spanish war bore to British seamen an aspect rather commercial than military. It meant much more of prize money than of danger; and that it did so was due principally to the wealth of the colonies.

This wealth was potential as well as actual, and in both aspects it appealed to Europe. To break in upon the monopoly enjoyed by Spain, and consecrated in international usage both by accepted ideas and long prescription, was an object of policy to the principal European maritime states. It was so conspicuously to Great Britain, on account of the preeminence which commercial considerations always had in her councils. In the days of William III the prospective failure of the Spanish royal house brought up the questions of what other family should succeed and to whom should be transferred the great inheritance won by Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. Thenceforth the thought of dividing this spoil of a decadent empire—the "sick man" of that day—remained in men's memory as a possible contingency of the future, even tho momentarily out of the range of practical politics. The waning of Spain's political and

military prestige was accompanied by an increasing understanding of the value of the commercial system appended to her in her colonies. The future disposition of these extensive regions, and the fruition of their wealth, developed and undeveloped, were conceived as questions of universal European policy. In the general apprehension of European rulers they were regarded as affecting the balance of power.

It was as the opponent of this conception, the perfectly natural outcome of previous circumstances and history, that the Monroe Doctrine entered the field; a newcomer in form, yet having its own history and antecedent conditions as really as the conflicting European view. Far more than South America, which had seen little contested occupation, the northern continent had known what it was to be the scene of antagonistic European ambitions and exploration. There had been within her territory a balance of power, in idea, if not in achievement, quite as real as any that had existed or been fought for in Europe. Canada in the hands of France, and the mouth of the Mississippi in alien control, were matters of personal memory to many, and of very recent tradition to all Americans in active life in 1810. Florida then was still Spanish, with unsettled boundary questions and attendant evils Not reason only, but feeling, based upon experience of actual inconvenience, suffering, and loss—loss of life and loss of wealth, political anxiety and commercial disturbance—conspired to intensify opposition to any avoidable renewal of similar conditions. To quote the words of a distinguished American Secretary of State, speaking twenty years ago: "This

sentiment is properly called a 'doctrine,' for it has no prescribed sanction, and its assertion is left to the exigency which may invoke it." This accurate statement places it upon the surest political foundation, much firmer than precise legal enactment or international convention, that of popular conviction. The sentiment had existed beforehand; the first exigency which invoked its formulated expression in 1823 was the announced intention of several great powers to perpetuate by force the European system, whether of colonial tenure or balance of power, of monarchical forms in the Spanish colonies; they being then actually in revolt against the mother-country and seeking, not other political relations to Europe, but simply their own independence. . . .

The American declaration against "the extension of the system of the allied powers to any portion of this hemisphere" was welcomed as supporting the attitude of Great Britain; for the phrase, in itself ambiguous, was understood to apply not to the quintuple alliance for the preservation of existing territorial arrangements in Europe, to which Great Britain was a party, but to the Holy Alliance, the avowed purpose of which was to suppress by external force revolutionary movements within any State—a course into which she had refused to be drawn. But the complementary declaration in the President's message, that "the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power," was characterized in the *Annual Register* for 1823 as "scarcely less extravagant than that of the Russian ukase by which it was elicited" and which forbade any foreign

vessel from approaching within a hundred miles of the Russian possession now known as Alaska. The British Government took the same view; and in the protocol to a conference held in 1827 expressly repudiated this American claim.

There was therefore between the two countries at this moment a clear opposition of principle, and agreement only as to a particular line of conduct in a special case. With regard to the interventions of the Holy Alliance[3] in Europe, Great Britain, while reserving her independence of action, stood neutral for the time, but from motives of her own policy showed unmistakably that she would resist like action in Spanish America. The United States, impelled by an entirely different conception of national policy, now first officially enunciated, intimated in diplomatic phrase a similar disposition. The two supported each other in the particular contingency, and doubtless frustrated whatever intervention any members of the Holy Alliance may have entertained of projecting to the other side of the Atlantic their "union for the government of the world." In America, as in Europe, Great Britain deprecated the intrusion of external force to settle internal convulsions of foreign countries; but she did not commit herself, as the United States did, to the position that purchase or war should never entail a cession of territory by an American to a European state, a transaction which would be in so far colonization. In

[3] The Holy Alliance was a league formed by the rulers of Russia, Austria and Prussia after the fall of Napoleon. Its special purpose was to perpetuate existing dynasties and debar any member of the Bonaparte family from occupying any throne in Europe. The Alliance ceased to exist after the French Revolution of 1830.

resisting any transfer of Spanish-American territory to a European power, Great Britain was not advancing a general principle, but maintaining an immediate interest. Her motive, in short, had nothing in common with the Monroe Doctrine. Such principles as were involved had been formulated long before, and had controlled her action in Europe as in America.

The United States dogma, on the contrary, planted itself squarely on the separate system and interests of America. This is distinctly shown by the comments of the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, in a dispatch to the American minister in London, dated only two days before Monroe's message. Alluding to Canning's[4] most decisive phrase in a recent dispatch, "Great Britain could not see any part of the colonies transferred to any other power with indifference," he wrote. "We certainly do concur with her in this position; but the principles of that aversion, so far as they are common to both parties, resting only upon a casual coincidence of interests, in a national point of view selfish on both sides, would be liable to dissolution by every change of phase in the aspects of European politics. So that Great Britain, negotiating at once with the European alliance and with us concerning America, without being bound by any permanent community of principle, would still be free to accommodate her policy to any of those distributions of power and partitions of territory which for the last half century have been the *ultima ratio* of European arrangements."

[4] George Canning, who became Prime Minister of Great Britain in 1827, after having been Secretary for Foreign Affairs since 1822.

For this reason, Adams considered that recognition of the independence of the revolted colonies, already made by the United States, in March, 1822, must be given by Great Britain also, in order to place the two States on equal terms of cooperation. From motives of European policy, from which Great Britain could not dissociate herself, she delayed this recognition until 1825; and then Canning defined his general course toward the Spanish colonies in the famous words: "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. I resolved that, if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies." His coincidence with the policy of the United States is thus seen to be based, and properly, upon British interests as involved in the European system, but that, so far from being the Monroe Doctrine, is almost the converse of it.

Nor was it only in direction that the impulse of the two States differed. They were unequal in inherent vital strength. The motive force of the one was bound to accumulate, and that of the other to relax, by the operation of purely natural conditions. An old order was beginning to yield to a new. After three centuries of tutelage America was slipping out of European control. She was reaching her majority and claiming her own. Within her sphere she felt the future to be hers. Of this sense the Monroe Doctrine was an utterance. It was a declaration of independence, not for a single nation only, but for a continent of nations, and it carried implicitly the assertion of all that logically follows from such independence. Foremost among the conditions insuring its vitality was propinquity, with its close effect upon in-

terest. Policy, as well as war, is a business of positions. This maxim is perennial; a generation later it was emphasized in application, but not originated, by the peopling of the Pacific coast, the incidental discovery of gold in California, and the consequent enhanced importance of the Isthmus of Panama to the political strategy of nations. All this advanced the Monroe Doctrine on the path of development, giving broader sweep to the corollaries involved in the original proposition; but the transcendent positional interest of the United States no more needed demonstration in 1823 than in 1850, when the Clayton-Bulwer[5] Treaty was made, or than now, when, not the Pacific coast only, but the Pacific Ocean and the Farther East, lend increased consequence to the isthmian communications.

The case of the United States is now stronger, but it is not clearer. Correlatively, the admission of its force by others has been progressive; gradual and practical, not at once or formal. Its formulation in the Monroe Doctrine has not obtained the full legislative sanction even of the country of its origin; and its present development there rests upon successive utterances of persons officially competent to define, but not of full authority to commit the nation to their particular expressions. So, too, international acquiescence in the position now taken has been a work of time, nor can there be asserted for it the final ratification of international agreement. The Monroe Doctrine

[5] The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was concluded in Washington in 1850. It pledged Great Britain and the United States to respect the neutrality of a ship-canal across Central America as then proposed, but was abrogated in 1901 by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

remains a policy, not a law, either municipal or international; but it has advanced in scope and in acceptance. The one progress, as the other, has been the result of growing strength—strength of numbers and of resources. Taken with position, these factors constitute national power as they do military advantage, which in the last analysis may always be resolved into two elements, force and position.

In the conjunction of these two factors is to be found the birth of the Monroe Doctrine and its development up to the present time. It is a product of national interest, involved in position, and of national power dependent upon population and resources. These are the permanent factors of the Monroe Doctrine; and it cannot be too strongly realized by Americans that the permanence of the doctrine itself, as a matter of international consideration, depends upon the maintenance of both factors. To this serious truth record is borne by history, the potent mother of national warning and national encouragement. That the doctrine at its first enunciation should not at once have obtained, either assent or influence, even in its most limited expression, was entirely natural. Altho not without an antecedent history of conception and occasional utterance by American statesmen, its moment of birth was the announcement by Monroe; and it had then all the weakness of the new-born, consequent upon a national inadequacy to the display of organized strength which had been pathetically manifested but ten years before.

After the destruction of the rule of Spain in her colonies, except in Cuba and Porto Rico, Great

Britain remained the one great nation besides the United States possest of extensive territory in America. She also was the one state that had had experience of us as an enemy, and known the weakness of our military system for offensive action. What more natural than that she should have welcomed the first promulgation of the doctrine, in its original scope directed apparently merely against a combination of Continental powers, the purposes of which were offensive to herself, and yet failed to heed a root principle which in progress of time should find its application to herself, contesting the expansion of her own influence in the hemisphere, as being part of the European system and therefore falling under the same condemnation? Yet even had she seen this, and fully appreciated the promise of strength to come, it was to be expected that she should for the meantime pursue her own policy, irrespective of the still distant future. It may be advantageous to retard that which must ultimately prevail; and at all events men who head the movements of nations are not able at once to abandon the traditions of the past and conform their action to new ideas as yet unassimilated by their people.

There is, then, this distinguishing feature of the Monroe Doctrine, which classifies it among principles of policy which are essentially permanent. From its correspondence to the nature of things, to its environment, it possest from the first a vitality which insured growth and development. Under such conditions it could not remain in application at the end of a half century just what it had been in terms at the beginning. Apprehended in leading features by American statesmen,

and by them embraced with a conviction which the people shared—tho probably not fully understanding—it received from time to time, as successive exigencies arose to invoke assertion, definitions which enlarged its scope; sometimes consistently with its true spirit, sometimes apparently in excess of evident limitations, more rarely in defect of them. . . .

It is vain to argue narrowly concerning what the Monroe Doctrine is, from the precise application made of it to any one particular emergency. Nor can there be finality of definition, antecedent to some national announcement, formally complete, which it is to be hoped will never be framed; but which, if it were, would doubtless remain liable to contrary interpretations, sharing therein a fate from which neither the enactments of legislatures nor the bull of a pope can claim exemption. The virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, without which it would die deservedly, is that, through its correspondence with the national necessities of the United States, it possesses an inherent principle of life, which adapts itself with the flexibility of a growing plan to the successive conditions it encounters. One of these conditions, of course, is the growing strength of the nation itself. As Doctor Johnson ungraciously said of taxing Americans for the first time, "We do not put a calf to the plow: we wait till he is an ox."

For these reasons it is more instructive, as to the present and future of the Monroe Doctrine, to consider its development by successive exhibitions in the past, than to strive to cage its free spirit within the bars of a definition attempted at any one moment.

"WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK"

(1820)

BY SIDNEY SMITH[1]

Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious; nor allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic—and, even on the other, we should imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population.

The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character. They are but a recent offset indeed from England; and should make it their chief boast, for many generations to come, that they are sprung from the same race with Bacon and Shakespeare and Newton. Considering their numbers, indeed, and

[1] This article, immediately after its publication, and for many years, led to intense indignation in the United States; indeed, one frequently finds the title cited now. The article appeared originally in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1820, Smith having been one of the founders of that periodical.

the favorable circumstances in which they have been placed, they have yet done marvelously little to assert the honor of such a descent, or to show that their English blood has been exalted or refined by their republican training and institutions. Their Franklins and Washingtons, and all the other sages and heroes of their revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England—and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects: And, since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners, than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people.

During the thirty or forty years of their independence, they have done absolutely nothing for the Sciences, for the Arts, for Literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of Politics or Political Economy. Confining ourselves to our own country, and to the period that has elapsed since *they* had an independent existence, we would ask, Where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys?—their Robertsons, Blairs, Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys and Malthuses?—their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Blomfields?—their Scotts, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes?—their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils—their Wilkies, Laurences, Chantrys?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples?

In so far as we know, there is no such parallel

to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans?—what have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets?—Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow creatures may buy and sell and torture?

When these questions are fairly and favorably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed: But, till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE

(1820)

BY JAMES G. BLAINE[1]

Six years after Louisiana entered the Union, Missouri applied for admission as a slave State. A violent agitation at once arose, continued for two years, and was finally allayed by the famous compromise of 1820. The outbreak was so sudden, its course so turbulent, and its subsidence so complete, that for many years it was regarded as phenomenal in our politics, and its repetition in the highest degree improbable if not impossible. The "Missouri question," as it was popularly termed, formally appeared in Congress in the month of December, 1818; tho during the preceding session petitions for a State government had been received from the inhabitants of the territory. When the bill proposing to admit the State came before the House, Mr. James Tallmadge, Jr., of New York, moved to amend it by providing that "the further introduction of slavery be prohibited in said State of Missouri, and that all children born in the State after its admission to the Union shall be free at the age of twenty-five years." The discussion which followed

[1] From Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress." By permission of Mrs. Walter Damrosch and James G. Blaine, Jr., owners of the copyright. Copyright, 1884.

was able, excited, and even acrimonious. Mr. Clay took an active part against the amendment, but his great influence was unavailing in the face of the strong antislavery sentiment which was so suddenly developed in the North. Both branches of Mr. Tallmadge's amendment were adopted and the bill was passed. In the Senate the antislavery amendment encountered a furious opposition and was rejected by a large majority. The House refused to recede; and, amid great excitement in the country and no little temper in Congress, each branch voted to adhere to its position. Thus for the time Missouri was kept out of the Union.

On the second day after the opening of the next Congress, December, 1819, Mr. John Holmes presented a memorial in the House of Representatives from a convention which had been lately held in the District of Maine, praying for the admission of said district into the Union "as a separate and independent State, on an equal footing with the original States." On the same day, and immediately after Mr. Holmes had taken his seat, Mr. John Scott, territorial delegate, brought before the House the memorial presented in the previous Congress for the admission of Missouri on the same terms of independence and equality with the old States as prayed for by Maine.

From that hour it was found impossible to consider the admission of Maine and Missouri separately. Geographically remote, differing in soil, climate, and products, incapable of competing with each other in any pursuit, they were thrown into rivalry by the influence of the one absorbing question of negro slavery. Southern men were unwilling that Maine should be admitted unless the

enabling Act of Missouri should be passed at the same time, and Northern men were unwilling that any enabling Act should be passed for Missouri which did not contain an antislavery restriction.

Mr. Clay, then an accepted leader of Southern sentiment—which in his later life he ceased to be—made an earnest, almost fiery, speech on the question. He declared that before the Maine bill should be finally acted on, he wanted to know "whether certain doctrines of an alarming character, with respect to a restriction on the admission of new States west of the Mississippi, were to be sustained on this floor." He wanted to know "what conditions Congress could annex to the admission of a new State; whether, indeed, there could be a partition of its sovereignty."

Despite the eloquence and the great influence of the Speaker, the Southern representatives were overborne and the House adopted the antislavery restriction. The Senate refused to concur, united Maine and Missouri in one bill, and passed it with an entirely new feature, which was proposed by Mr. Jesse B. Thomas, a senator from Illinois. That feature was simply the provision, since so widely known as the Missouri Compromise, which forever prohibited slavery north of 36° 30′ in all the territory acquired from France by the Louisiana purchase. The House would not consent to admit the two States in the same bill, but finally agreed to the compromise; and in the early part of March, 1820, Maine became a member of the Union without condition. A separate bill was passed, permitting Missouri to form a constitution preparatory to her admission, subject to the compromise, which, indeed, formed one section of the

enabling Act. Missouri was thus granted permission to enter the Union as a slave State. But she was discontented with the prospect of having free States on three sides—east, north, and west.

Altho the Missouri Compromise was thus nominally perfected, and the agitation apparently ended, the most exciting, and in some respects the most dangerous, phase of the question was yet to be reached. After the enabling Act was passed the Missouri Convention assembled to frame a constitution for the new State. The inhabitants of the Territory had become angered by the long delay imposed upon them, caused, as they believed, by the introduction of a question which concerned only themselves, and which Congress had no right to control. In this resentful mood they were led by the extremists of the convention to insert a provision in the constitution, declaring that "it shall be the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as may be, to pass such laws as may be necessary to prevent free negroes or mulattoes from coming to or settling in this State under any pretext whatsoever." As soon as the constitution with this obnoxious clause was transmitted to Congress by the President, the excitement broke forth with increased intensity and the lines of the old controversy were at once reformed.

The parliamentary struggle which ensued was bitter beyond precedent; threats of dissolving the Union were frequent, and apprehension of an impending calamity was felt throughout the country. The discussion continued with unabated vigor and ardor until the middle of February, and the Congress was to terminate on the ensuing fourth of March. The House had twice refused to pass the

bill admitting Missouri, declaring that the objectionable clause in her organic law was not only an insult to every State in which colored men were citizens, but was in flat contradiction of that provision in the Federal Constitution which declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

The defeat, apparently final, of the admission of Missouri, created intense indignation. Southern senators and representatives charged that they were treated unjustly by the North, and dealt with unfairly in Congress. In pursuance of the compromise of the year before, Maine had been admitted and her senators were in their seats. The organs of Southern opinion accused the North of overreaching the South in securing, under the name of a compromise, the admission of Maine, while still retaining the power to exclude Missouri. A feeling that bad faith has been practised is sure to create bitterness, and the accusation of it produces increased bitterness in return. The North could easily justify itself by argument, but the statement without argument apparently showed that the South had been deceived.

The course pursued by the senators from Maine —John Holmes and John Chandler—in voting steadily for the admission of Missouri, tended greatly to check recrimination and relieve asperity of feeling. Mr. Holmes was a man of ability, of experience in public affairs and of eminent distinction at home. With a rare gift of humor, and with conversational talent almost unrivaled, he exerted an influence over men in private and social intercourse which gave him singular

power in shaping public questions. He was an intimate friend and political supporter of Mr. Clay, and their cordial cooperation at this crisis evoked harmony from chaos, and brought a happy solution to a question that was troubling every patriotic heart. They united in a final effort, and through the instrumentality of a joint committee of seven senators and twenty-three representatives —of which Mr. Holmes was chairman on the part of the Senate, and Mr. Clay on the part of the House—a second and final compromise was effected, and the admission of Missouri secured.

This compromise declared that Missouri should be admitted to the Union upon the fundamental condition that no law should ever be passed by her Legislature enforcing the objectionable provision in her constitution, and that by a solemn public act the State should declare and record her assent to this condition, and transmit to the President of the United States an authentic copy of the Act. Missouri accepted the condition promptly but not cheerfully, feeling that she entered the Union under a severe discipline, and with hard and humiliating conditions.

It was in this compromise, not in the one of the preceding session, that Mr. Clay was the leading spirit. Tho the first was the more important, and dealt with larger questions of a more enduring nature, it did not at the time create so great an impression on the public mind as the second, nor did its discussion produce so much antagonism between the North and the South. Thirty years after these events Mr. Clay called attention to the fact that he had received undeserved credit for the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which he had

supported but not originated. On the other hand, he had received only the slightest mention for his agency in the second compromise, which he had really originated and carried through Congress. The second compromise had passed out of general recollection before Mr. Clay's death, tho it had made him a Presidential candidate at forty-three years of age. . . .

The Missouri question marked a distinct era in the political thought of the country, and made a profound impression on the minds of patrotic men. Suddenly, without warning, the North and the South, the free States and the slave States, found themselves arrayed against each other in violent and absorbing conflict. During the interval between the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the admission of Missouri, there had been a great change in the Southern mind, both as to the moral and the economic aspects of slavery. This revolution of opinion had been wrought in large degree by the cotton-plant.

When the National Government was organized in 1789, the annual export of cotton did not exceed three hundred bales. It was reckoned only among our experimental products. But, stimulated by the invention of the gin, production increased so rapidly, that, at the time of Missouri's application for admission to the Union, cotton-planting was the most remunerative industry in the country. The export alone exceeded three hundred thousand bales annually. But this highly profitable culture was in regions so warm that outdoor labor was unwelcome to the white race. The immediate consequence was a large advance in the value of slave-labor, and in the price of slaves.

HOW A LOG CABIN WAS BUILT

(1822)

A CONTEMPORARY DESCRIPTION[1]

In building our cabin it was set north and south; my brother used my father's pocket-compass on the occasion, for we had no idea of living in a house that did not stand square with the earth itself. This showed our ignorance of the comforts and conveniences of a pioneer life. The position of the house, end to the hill, necessarily elevated the lower end, and the determination to have both a north and south door, added much to the airiness of the house, particularly after the green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to leave cracks in the floor and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling up the logs cut out of the wall. We had a window, if it could be called a window, when, perhaps, it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin at which the wind could not enter. It was made by sawing out a log, and placing sticks across; and then, by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying some hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimney.

[1] From an anonymous article by "A Pioneer," printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

Our cabin was twenty-four feet by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, the center of each side by a door, and here our symmetry had to stop, for on the side opposite the window were our shelves, made of clapboards, supported on pins driven into the logs. Upon these shelves my sister displayed, in ample order, a host of pewter plates, basins, dishes, and spoons, scoured and bright. It was none of your new-fangled pewter made of lead, but the best of London pewter, which our father himself bought of the manufacturer. These were the plates upon which you could hold your meat so as to cut it without slipping and without dulling your knife. But, alas! the days of pewter plates and sharp dinner knives have passed away.

To return to our internal arrangements. A ladder of five rounds occupied the corner near the window. By this, when we got a floor above, we could ascend. Our chimney occupied most of the east end; there were pots and kettles opposite the window under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottom chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight by ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and combcase. Our list of furniture was increased by a clumsy shovel and a pair of tongs, made with one shank straight, which was a certain source of pinches and blood blisters. We had also a spinning-wheel and such things as were necessary to work it. It was absolutely necessary to have three-legged stools, as four legs of anything could not all touch the floor at the same time.

The completion of our cabin went on slowly. The season was inclement, we were weak-handed

and weak-pocketed—in fact laborers were not to be had. We got our chimney up breast high as soon as we could, and got our cabin daubed as high as the joists outside. It never was daubed on the inside, for my sister, who was very nice, could not consent to "live right next to mud." My impression now is, that the window was not constructed till spring, for until the sticks and clay were put on the chimney we could have no need of a window; for the flood of light which always poured into the cabin from the fireplace would have extinguished our paper window, and rendered it as useless as the moon at noonday.

We got a floor laid overhead as soon as possible, perhaps in a month; but when finished, the reader will readily conceive of its imperviousness to wind or weather, when we mention that it was laid of loose clapboards split from red oak, the stump of which may be seen beyond the cabin. That tree must have grown in the night, for it was so twisting that each board lay on two diagonally opposite corners; and a cat might have shaken every board on our ceiling.

It may be well to inform the unlearned reader that "clapboards" are such lumber as pioneers split throughout; they resemble barrel-staves before they are shaved, but are split longer, wider, and thinner; of such our roof and ceiling were composed. "Puncheons" are planks made by splitting logs to about two and a half or three inches in thickness, and hewing them on one or both sides with the broadax; of such our floor, doors, tables, and stools were manufactured. The "eave-bearers" are those end logs which project over to receive the butting poles, against which

the lower tier of clapboards rest to form the roof. The "trapping" is the roof timbers, composing the gable end and the ribs. The "trap logs" are those of unequal length above the eave-bearers, which form the gable ends, and upon which the ribs rest. The "weight poles" are small logs laid on the roof, which weigh down the course of clapboards on which they lie, and against which the course above is placed. The "knees" are pieces of heart timber placed above the butting poles, successively, to prevent the weight poles from rolling off.

WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION

(1825)

BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH[1]

The first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons—men and women—waiting for the "Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster!" "Webster!" "Webster!"

It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottoed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue

[1] From Goodrich's "Recollections of a Lifetime." Webster at that time had practised law in Portsmouth and Boston, and served two terms in the House of Representatives from New Hampshire. In the following year he was sent to Congress by a Massachusetts district. As a lawyer he had acquired a national reputation, in 1818, by his success in the famous Dartmouth College case.

scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known, the air echoed with the cry—"Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" Around all this scene was a rainbow of beauty such as New England alone can furnish.

I have seen many public festivities and ceremonials, but never one, taken all together, of more general interest than this. Everything was fortunate: all were gratified; but the address was that which seemed uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and of his powers. I have looked on many mighty men—King George, the "first gentleman in England"; Sir Astley Cooper,[2] the Apollo of his generation; Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, Lyndhurst—all nature's noblemen; I have seen Cuvier, Guizot, Arago, Lamartine—marked in their persons by the genius which has carried their names over the world; I have seen Clay, and Calhoun, and Pinckney, and King, and Dwight, and Daggett, who stand as high examples of personal endowment, in our annals, and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal presence. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the oc-

[2] Afterward better known as the English philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury.

casion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.

When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans—some forty in number—who had shared in the bloody scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a moment, and, as he uttered the words "Venerable men," his voice trembled, and I could see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker. When at last, alluding to the death of Warren,[3] he said:

"But ah, him!—the first great martyr of this great cause. Him, the patriotic victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom: falling ere he saw the star of his country rise—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!" Here the eyes of the veterans around, little accustomed to tears, were filled to the brim, and some of them "sobbed aloud in their fulness of heart."

I have never seen such an effect, from a single passage: a moment before, every bosom bent, every brow was clouded, every eye was dim. Lifted as by inspiration, every breast seemed now to expand, every gaze to turn above, every face to beam with a holy yet exulting enthusiasm. It was the omnipotence of eloquence, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host upon its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresistible undulations.

[3] Dr. Joseph Warren, President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, Major-General of the Massachusetts forces in 1775, and killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. His death has long been a familiar scene in a painting widely reproduced. It was Dr. Warren who sent Paul Revere on his famous ride to Lexington.

THE BUILDING OF THE ERIE CANAL

(1818—1825)

I

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD[1]

History will assign to Gouverneur Morris[2] the merit of first suggesting a direct and continuous communication from Lake Erie to the Hudson. In 1800 he announced this idea from the shore of the Niagara River to a friend in Europe, in the following enthusiastic language:

"Hundreds of large ships will, in no distant period, bound on the billows of these inland seas. Shall I lead your astonishment to the verge of incredulity? I will! Know then that one-tenth part of the expense borne by Britain in the last campaign would enable ships to sail from London through the Hudson into Lake Erie. As yet we

[1] Seward, at the time of the building of the Erie Canal, was a lawyer in Auburn, N. Y. In 1838 he was elected Governor of New York, and reelected in 1840. In 1849 he was elected United States Senator from New York, and served until 1861. He became a prominent candidate for President at the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, and served under Lincoln as Secretary of State, continuing in that office during the administration of Andrew Johnson. On the night of Lincoln's assassination, an attempt on his life was made in his house by one of John Wilkes Booth's associates in the conspiracy, and he was severely wounded.

[2] Morris belonged to the well-known family of Morrisania. He was a brother of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of

only crawl along the outer shell of our country. The interior excels the part we inhabit in soil, in climate, in everything. The proudest empire of Europe is but a bauble compared with what America may be, must be."

The praise awarded to Gouverneur Morris must be qualified by the fact that the scheme he conceived was that of a canal with a uniform declination, and without locks, from Lake Erie to the Hudson. Morris communicated his project to Simeon De Witt in 1803, by whom it was made known to James Geddes in 1804. It afterward became the subject of conversation between Mr. Geddes and Jesse Hawley, and this communication is supposed to have given rise to the series of essays written by Mr. Hawley, under the signature of "Hercules," in the *Genesee Messenger*, continued from October, 1807, until March, 1808, which first brought the public mind into familiarity with the subject. These essays, written in a jail, were the grateful return, by a patriot, to a country which punished him with imprisonment for being unable to pay debts owed to another citizen. They bore evidence of deep research and displayed singular vigor and comprehensiveness of thought, and traced with prophetic accuracy a large portion of the outline of the Erie Canal.

In 1807 Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, in pursuance of a recommendation made by Thomas Jefferson, President of the United

the Declaration of Independence. Gouverneur Morris served in the Continental Congress, and was a member of the committee which drafted the Constitution in 1787. He served afterward as Minister to France, and United States Senator from New York.

States, reported a plan for appropriating all the surplus revenues of the General Government to the construction of canals and turnpike roads; and it embraced in one grand and comprehensive view, nearly without exception, all the works which have since been executed or attempted by the several States in the Union. This bold and statesmanlike, tho premature, conception of that eminent citizen will remain the greatest among the many monuments of his forecast and wisdom.

In 1808 Joshua Forman, a representative in the New York Assembly from Onondaga County, submitted his memorable resolution:

"*Resolved,* if the honorable the Senate concur herein, That a joint committee be appointed to take into consideration the propriety of exploring and causing an accurate survey to be made of the most eligible and direct route for a canal, to open a communication between the tide-waters of the Hudson River and Lake Erie, to the end that Congress may be enabled to appropriate such sums as may be necessary to the accomplishment of that great national object."

In pursuance of a recommendation by the committee, a resolution unanimously passed both houses, directing the surveyor-general, Simeon De Witt, to cause an accurate survey to be made of the various routes proposed for the contemplated communication. But how little the magnitude of that undertaking was understood may be inferred from the fact that the appropriation made by the resolution to defray the expenses of its execution was limited to the sum of six hundred dollars.

There was then no civil engineer in the State. James Geddes, a land surveyor, who afterward be-

came one of our most distinguished engineers, by the force of native genius and application in mature years, leveled and surveyed under instructions from the surveyor-general, with a view to ascertain, first, whether a canal could be made from the Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario, at the mouth of Salmon Creek; secondly, whether navigation could be opened from Oswego Falls to Lake Ontario, along the Oswego River; thirdly, what was the best route for a canal from above the Falls of Niagara to Lewiston; and, fourthly, what was the most direct route, and what the practicability of a canal from Lake Erie to the Genesee River, and thence to the waters running east to the Seneca River. The topography of the country between the Seneca River and the Hudson was at that time comparatively better known.

Mr. Geddes's report showed that a canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson was practicable, and could be made without serious difficulty. In 1810, on motion of Jonas Platt, of the Senate, who was distinguished throughout a pure and well-spent life by his zealous efforts to promote this great undertaking, Gouverneur Morris, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Simeon De Witt, William North, Thomas Eddy, and Peter B. Porter were appointed commissioners "to explore the whole route for inland navigation from the Hudson River to Lake Ontario, and to Lake Erie." Cadwallader D. Colden, a contemporary historian,[3] himself one of the earliest and ablest advocates of the canals,

[3] Cadwallader David Colden, grandson of Cadwallader Colden, who was Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and acting Governor in the Stamp Act period, and author of a "History of the Five Nations."

awards to Thomas Eddy the merit of having suggested this motion to Mr. Platt, and to both these gentlemen that of engaging De Witt Clinton's support, he being at that time a member of the Senate. Another writer commemorates the efficient and enlightened exertions, at this period, of Hugh Williamson. The canal policy found, at the same time, earnest and vigorous supporters in the *American* and *Philosophical Register*, edited by Dr. David Hosack and Dr. John W. Francis.

The commissioners in March, 1811, submitted their report written by Gouverneur Morris, in which they showed the practicability and advantages of a continuous canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and stated their estimate of the cost at five million dollars, a sum which they ventured to predict would not exceed 5 per cent. of the value of the commodities which, within a century, would be annually transported on the proposed canal. We may pause here to remark that the annual value of the commodities carried on the canals, instead of requiring a century to attain the sum of one hundred millions, reached that limit in twenty-five years. . . .

The ground was broken for the construction of the Erie Canal on July 4, 1817, at Rome, with ceremonies marking the public estimation of that great event. De Witt Clinton, having just before been elected to the chief magistracy of the State, and being president of the Board of Canal Commissioners, enjoyed the high satisfaction of attending, with his associates, on the auspicious occasion. . . .

In 1819 Governor Clinton announced to the Legislature that the progress of the public works

equaled the most sanguine expectations and that the canal fund was flourishing. He recommended the prosecution of the entire Erie Canal. Enlarging upon the benefits of internal navigation, he remarked that he looked to a time, not far distant, when the State would be able to improve the navigation of the Susquehanna, the Allegheny, the Genesee, and the St. Lawrence; to assist in connecting the waters of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; to form a junction between the Erie Canal and Lake Ontario through the Oswego River; and to promote the laudable intention of Pennsylvania to unite Seneca Lake with the Susquehanna, deducing arguments in favor of such enterprises, from the immediate commercial advantages of extended navigation, as well as from its tendency to improve the condition of society and strengthen the bonds of the Union. . . .

On October 23, 1819, the portion of the Erie Canal between Utica and Rome was opened to navigation, and on November 24th the Champlain Canal admitted the passage of boats. Thus in less than two years and five months one hundred twenty miles of artificial navigation had been finished, and the physical as well as the financial practicability of uniting the waters of the western and northern lakes with the Atlantic Ocean was established to the conviction of the most incredulous.

Governor Clinton announced these gratifying results to the Legislature in 1820, and admonished that body that while efforts directly hostile to internal improvements would in future be feeble, it became a duty to guard against insidious enmity; and that in proportion as the Erie Canal advanced

toward completion would be the ease of combining a greater mass of population against the further extension of the system. Attempts, he remarked, had already been made to arrest the progress of the Erie Canal west of the Seneca River, and he anticipated their renewal when it should reach the Genesee. But the honor and prosperity of the State demanded the completion of the whole of the work, and it would be completed in five years if the representatives of the people were just to themselves and to posterity. . . .

In November, 1820, Governor Clinton congratulated the Legislature upon the progress of the public works. He urged the adoption of plenary measures to complete the Erie Canal within three years, enforcing the recommendation by the consideration that Ohio would thereby be encouraged to pursue her noble attempt to unite the waters of Lake Erie with the Ohio River. The canal commissioners showed in their report that the Erie Canal was navigable from Utica to the Seneca River, a distance of ninety-six miles, and that its tolls during four months had amounted to five thousand two hundred forty-four dollars. . . .

On January 1, 1823, the Government went into operation under the new State constitution, Joseph C. Yates having been elected to the office of governor. The constitution declared that rates of toll not less than those set forth by the canal commissioners in their report of 1821 should be collected on the canals, and that the revenues then pledged to the canal fund should not be diminished nor diverted before the complete payment of the principal and interest of the canal debt, a pledge which placed the public credit on an impregnable basis.

It appeared at the commencement of the session of the Legislature in 1823 that the public debt amounted to five million four hundred twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars, of which the sum of four million two hundred forty-three thousand five hundred dollars was for moneys borrowed to construct the canals. The commissioners reported that boats had passed on the Erie Canal a distance of more than two hundred twenty miles, and that as early as July 1st ensuing that channel would be navigable from Schenectady to Rochester. The tolls collected in 1822 upon the Erie Canal were sixty thousand, and upon the Champlain Canal three thousand six hundred twenty-five dollars. The improvements of the outlet of Onondaga Lake had been completed, and the Glens Falls feeder was in course of rapid construction. Among the benefits already resulting from the Erie Canal, the commissioners showed that the price of wheat west of the Seneca River had advanced 50 per cent. To appreciate this result, it is necessary to understand that wheat is the chief staple of New York, and that far the largest portion of wheat-growing in this State lies west of the Seneca River. Attempts were again made in both branches to provide for collecting the local tax. The proposition was lost in the Senate by a vote of nineteen to ten, and in the Assembly by a division of sixty-five to thirty-one.

The Legislature exprest by resolution a favorable opinion of the inland navigation which New Jersey proposed to establish between the Delaware and Hudson rivers. A loan of one million five hundred thousand dollars was authorized for canal purposes, a survey of the Oswego River was

directed to be made, and estimates of the expense of completing the canal from Salina to Lake Ontario. An association to construct such a canal was incorporated, and authority given to the commissioners to take the work when completed, leaving the use of its surplus waters to the corporators; and the eastern termination of the Erie Canal was fixt at Albany.

The canal commissioners reported in 1824 that the Champlain Canal was finished; that both canals had produced revenues during the previous year of one hundred fifty-three thousand dollars; and that the commissioners had decided that the Erie Canal ought to be united with the Niagara River at Black Rock and terminate at Buffalo. . . .

On the reassembling of the Legislature in January, 1825, De Witt Clinton, who, in November of the preceding year, had been again called to the office of governor, congratulated the Legislature upon the prospect of the immediate completion of the Erie Canal, and the reasonable certainty that the canal debt might soon be satisfied, without a resort to taxation, without a discontinuance of efforts for similar improvements, and without staying the dispensing hand of Government in favor of education, literature, science, and productive industry. Earnestly renewing his recommendation that a board of internal improvement should be instituted, he remarked that the field of operations was immense, and the harvest of honor and profit unbounded, and that, if the resources of the State should be wisely applied and forcibly directed, all proper demands for important avenues of communication might be satisfied.

The primary design of our system of artificial

navigation, which was to open a communication between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes, was already, he observed, nearly accomplished, but would not be fully realized until Lake Ontario should be connected with the Erie Canal and with Lake Champlain, and the importance of these improvements would be appreciated when it was understood that the lake coast, not only of this State, but of the United States, was more extensive than their seacoast. The next leading object, he remarked, should be to unite the minor lakes and secondary rivers with the canals and to effect such a connection between the bays on the seacoast as would insure the safety of boat navigation against the tempests of the ocean in time of peace, and against the depredations of an enemy in time of war.

The public debt for canals in 1825 amounted to seven and a half million dollars—all of which, it must be recorded to the honor of the State and the country, had been borrowed of American capitalists —and the annual interest thereon, to three hundred seventy-six thousand dollars. The Governor estimated that the tolls for the year would exceed three hundred ten thousand dollars; that the duties on salt would amount to one hundred thousand dollars, and that these, with the other income of the canal fund, would produce a revenue exceeding, by three hundred thousand dollars, the interest on the canal debt. He stated also that ten thousand boats had passed the junction of the canals near tide-water during the previous season. Remarking that the creative power of internal improvement was manifested in the flourishing villages which had sprung up or been extended; in

the increase of towns; and, above all, in the prosperity of the city of New York. And noticing the fact that three thousand buildings had been erected in that city during the preceding year, Clinton predicted that in fifteen years its population would be doubled, and that in thirty years that metropolis would be the third city in the civilized world, and the second, if not the first, in commerce. . . .

On October 26, 1825, the Erie Canal was in a navigable condition throughout its entire length, affording an uninterrupted passage from Lake Erie to tide-water in the Hudson. Thus in eight years artificial communications four hundred twenty-eight miles in length had been opened between the more important inland waters and the commercial emporium of the State. This auspicious consummation was celebrated by a telegraphic discharge of cannon, commencing at Lake Erie, and continued along the banks of the canal and of the Hudson, announcing to the city of New York the entrance on the bosom of the canal of the first barge that was to arrive at the commercial emporium from the American Mediterraneans.

II

THE ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION AND OTHER CANALS

BY JAMES SCHOULER[1]

This year, 1825, was a remarkable one in the history of canal-building in the United States. The Erie Canal was completed by the autumn; never having been interrupted in its construction since the first spadeful of earth was lifted, eight years earlier, on the 4th of July; but pushed on incessantly by the Governor,[2] whose good fortune it was to supervise both the beginning and end of an enterprise whose success was due, most of all, to his foresight and unflagging perseverance. In October, 1819, water was first let into the trench, and a large boat drawn by a horse from Utica to Rome and back again, thirty miles, in eight hours. Four years later Albany rejoiced over the passage of the first boat into the Hudson, all but the section between Lockport and Buffalo being then finished, besides the northern or Champlain Canal. In the culminating success and celebration, October 26, 1825, the whole State of New York bore a part. At ten in the forenoon the waters of Lake Erie were admitted at Buffalo, and a flotilla of canal-boats, headed by the *Seneca Chief*, in which Clinton and other dignitaries were conveyed, moved

[1] From Schouler's "History of the United States." By permission of the author and of his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. Copyright, 1880-1891.

[2] De Witt Clinton.

along the unruffled surface of a highway 363 miles in length, day and night, passing safely into the stone aqueduct at Rochester, moored over Sunday at Utica, and by November 2d reaching Albany in safety. . . .

From Albany the novel tour was resumed, under a steam tow, to New York harbor. On the bright, clear morning of November 4th, the ringing of the city bells, strains of martial music, and the boom of cannon announced to the world that the aquatic procession from Lake Erie was on its way to Sandy Hook. Ships at anchor saluted the modest flotilla, while steamboats and light craft bore down to bear it company to the sea. The *Seneca Chief* bore from Buffalo kegs painted green, adorned with gilded hoops, and filled with Lake Erie water. When Sandy Hook was reached, the procession stopt; and Clinton, lifting high in air one of these kegs, poured its contents into the sea, mingling for the first time the fresh and briny waters.

Through an artificial highway, forty feet wide and four deep, boats, expressly built for the new canal traffic, carried thirty or forty tons, each capable of being drawn, unless heavily laden, by a single horse. A ton of flour, which it had cost $100 to convey from Buffalo to Albany overland, might now be sent for $10. All vessels, whether owned in or out of the State, were allowed to navigate the canal on paying the transit duties; nevertheless, the main traffic, which set in briskly between the West and the seaboard, enriched the State most of all. The debt created by the construction of the Erie and Champlain canals was $7,944,000; paying an interest of 6½ per cent. The fund in 1826 applicable to discharge this debt

amounted to $1,057,585; and the whole system more than repaid its original cost out of the profits in a brief space of years, for the tolls collected left a large surplus annually after providing interest on the loan and repairs.

The first faint omen of success in Clinton's enterprise had stirred other States to prosecuting the work of slack-water improvements. The oldest canals in the United States were in Massachusetts; the Middlesex Canal, which connected Boston Harbor with the Merrimack River, and was completed in 1808, being the first undertaking of the kind on this continent in any considerable magnitude. But it was the Erie Canal which gave the chief impulse to works of this character. Pennsylvania, threatened with the loss of her western trade by the great canal on one side and the National Road[3] on the other, projected a system which, by uniting the Schuylkill, the Susquehanna, and the Alleghany rivers, might bring Philadelphia and Pittsburgh into closer relations. Ohio sought a water highway between Lake Erie and the Ohio River; the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was the favorite scheme in Virginia and Maryland. Many works were planned and begun during the excitement of these next few years, works which demanded a State and begged a national appropriation. . . .

In this halcyon day of slack-water enterprises even ship-canals were discust; and whether to cut Cape Cod or the Isthmus of Panama are questions scarcely less interesting now than they were sixty years ago.[4] Steamboats made an important

[3] The National Road ran through Maryland, and thence westward to the Ohio.

[4] Schouler was writing thirty years ago.

factor in this new system of inland transportation; and had not railways checked the use of canals, steam would quite likely have become in time the usual motive power for canal-boats. Of manifold importance, now that Buffalo and Albany were united, the swift carriers which made Fulton's name immortal puffed up and down the Hudson, their first breeding-place, busier than ever. That monopoly for the use of the steamboat in New York waters which the Fulton and Livingston alliance had enjoyed under its thirty years' grant from the State Legislature, the highest tribunal now pronounced repugnant to the Federal Constitution and the power vested in Congress to regulate commerce. Thus, as some scholars lamented, the fortune of the great inventor of his age was scattered to the four winds of heaven. The Livingston and Clinton families, by an accidental association of services, gave to their State, as a last legacy, a cheap inland intercourse, worth more than any gold mine.

THE PANAMA MISSION

(1825)

BY JAMES SCHOULER[1]

Of foreign and international topics none at this time excited such deep interest as that of the Panama Congress. The project of holding a council of American republics at Panama to deliberate upon a continental policy and objects of common importance marks the high-water line of that zeal for the Spanish-American cause which under the impulse of Bolivar's splendid victories,[2] on the one hand, and Bourbonism and the Holy Alliance on the other, had been lasht into a sort of frenzy which could not at once subside. Lafayette, on his visit, sent Bolivar a portrait of Washington, with a gold medal; and Washington, Lafayette, and Bolivar were now commemorated through

[1] From Schouler's "History of the United States." By permission of the author and of his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. Copyright, 1880-1891.

[2] Simon Bolivar, a native of Caracas, Venezuela, was born in 1793 and died in 1830. He became general of the revolutionary forces of Venezuela in 1813, and Dictator; then gained a victory over the Spaniards which made him master of New Granada; was elected President of the two states united as Colombia in 1819; defeated the Spanish army at Caraboho in 1822 and added Ecuador to Colombia; became Dictator of Peru in 1823, and in 1824 completed the expulsion of the Spanish as a power in South America. He was made Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Bolivia in 1825, but later became President of the three countries that formed Colombia.

America as the three liberators of mankind. Early, then, in 1825 the new American States of Spanish origin planned themselves an assembly of deputies—a modern amphictyonic council, as it were, to meet like that of the old Grecian republics, at an isthmus; or perhaps as a conference of the great powers of America at their own Aix-la-Chapelle, where they might confederate for liberty, as had European monarchs for despotism. The meeting was set for October; and in April, through the Mexican minister at Washington, the United States, eldest sister of the American republics, received a verbal invitation to be present.

Unexpected difficulties occurred, however, in procuring the sanction of Congress, or rather of the Senate, to this unique mission. An increasing minority in both Houses meant to thwart the administration at all hazards; and as the Senate was now constituted, eight or ten members of hostile disposition, who were only restrained by the favor with which their constituents appeared to regard the project, lent secret countenance, without committing themselves, to an opposition which by the aid of their votes would necessarily turn the scales. . . .

It was in vain to attempt thus to quench the popular passion in favor of the Panama mission. The very novelty, the rashness of the experiment captivated our American youth. While the Senate with closed doors deferred action upon the Macon report, the House, which sided with the Executive, called for the papers. Not to precipitate a public discussion in the other branch, the Senate yielded, many members against their better judgment; Macon's report was voted down, and the persons

nominated (as to whose fitness there was no objection) were confirmed, after a session of fourteen hours, by a fair majority. The sum of $40,000 was next appropriated for outfit, salaries, and expenses by a bill which quickly passed both houses and received the President's signature.

Incongruous under any aspect, the whole project proved abortive. To our delegates who were invited, England and the Netherlands added delegates on their part who were not, and the bubble blown out too far speedily burst. The Panama Congress met in June, and after a short session, thinly attended, adjourned to meet again in 1827 at the village of Tacubaya, near the City of Mexico. The United States had not been here represented; for of the two envoys appointed and confirmed, Richard C. Anderson, our minister at Colombia, was attacked, while on his way to the isthmus from Bogota, by a malignant fever which terminated fatally; while John Sergeant, of Philadelphia, delayed by various impediments, had not undertaken to attend. Still imprest with the expediency of the mission, the President dispatched Sergeant to attend the adjourned meeting at Tacubaya; and Monroe having declined a commission, Poinsett, our minister resident of Mexico, was appointed to the vacancy caused by Anderson's death. Among other subjects, Clay instructed Poinsett to propose at this time the purchase of Texas. But the Tacubaya Congress did not assemble at all; and Sergeant, who was a man of dispassionate judgment, reported on his return home in the summer of 1827 the final collapse of a continental council, projected at least a hundred years too early. Close contact with the southern revolutionists had, at all

events, the good effect of dispelling that false medium which magnified pigmies into giants. Bolivar, the greatest of them, shrunk in comparison with Washington and Lafayette; and as revolution brought on counter-revolution, new dissensions arising in these volcanic republics, it was forced upon us that friendship but not brotherhood, encouragement but not alliance, was for the present our only honorable relation with Spanish-Americans; for their apprenticeship in the school of liberty was necessarily a long one. And this lesson was, after all, to the United States the only positive gain resulting from the Panama mission.

THE RETURN OF LAFAYETTE

(1824)

I

HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK AND THE TRIP TO ALBANY

BY THURLOW WEED[1]

Général le Marquise de Lafayette, after an absence of thirty-nine years, revisited our country, on the invitation of Congress, as the nation's guest in 1824. He reached New York on the 15th of August, in the packet-ship *Cadmus,* Captain Allyn, with his son and secretary. The Government had tendered him a United States frigate, but always simple and unostentatious, he preferred to come as an ordinary passenger in a packet-ship.

There were no wires fifty years ago over which intelligence could pass with lightning speed, but the visit of Lafayette was expected, and the pulses and hearts of the people were quickened and warmed simultaneously through some mysterious medium throughout the whole Union. Citizens rushed from neighboring cities and villages to

[1] From Weed's "Autobiography." By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright, 1883, by Harriet A. Weed. Thurlow Weed at this time had been editor of newspapers in Rochester and elsewhere, and was just becoming influential in State politics. In 1830 he was made editor of the Albany *Journal,* a position he held for thirty-two years, during which he was one of the chief leaders in the Whig party, State and national.

welcome the French nobleman, who, before he was twenty-one years old, had devoted himself and his fortune to the American colonies in their wonderful conflict with the mother country for independence; and who, after fighting gallantly by the side of Washington through the Revolutionary War, returned to France with the only reward he desired or valued—the gratitude of a free people. General Lafayette was now sixty-seven years of age, with some physical infirmities, but intellectually strong, and in manners and feeling cheerful, elastic, and accomplished.

The General's landing on the Battery, his reception by the military under General Martin, his triumphant progress through Broadway, his first visit to the City Hall, awakened emotions which can not be described. I have witnessed the celebration of the completion of the Erie Canal and the mingling of the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic Ocean, the completion of the Croton Water Works celebration, the reception of the Prince of Wales, and other brilliant and beautiful pageants, but they all lacked the heart and soul which marked and signalized the welcome of Lafayette. The joy of our citizens was exprest more by tears than in any other way. It is impossible to imagine scenes of deeper, higher or purer emotion than the first meeting between General Lafayette and Colonel Marinus Willett, Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, Colonel Varick, Major Platt, General Anthony, Major Popham, Major Fairlee, and other officers of the Revolution, whom he had not seen for nearly forty years, and whom without a moment's hesitation he recognized and named.

But the crowning glory of that series of honors

and festivities was the fête at Castle Garden on the evening of the General's departure for Albany. The Castle was expensively, elaborately, and gorgeously fitted up and adorned for the occasion. I remember that, even without the aid of gas, the illumination was exceedingly brilliant. There was a ball and supper; the occasion was graced by the intelligence, beauty and refinement of the metropolis. How many—or rather how few—of that then youthful, joyous throng remain to recall, with memories subdued and chastened by time and change, the raptures of that enchanting scene! . . .

The steamboat *James Kent,* Commodore Wiswall, chartered by the city for the occasion,[2] dropt down the river opposite Castle Garden, brilliantly illuminated, at 12 M., where she remained until half-past 2 A.M., when the General and his friends embarked.

About three o'clock General Lafayette retired, and his friends were soon afterward in their berths. I rose at five o'clock. General Lafayette came on deck before six for the purpose of showing his son and secretary where Major André was arrested; but the view was shut off by a fog, in attempting to grope through which the steamer grounded on Oyster Bank, where she lay until nearly ten o'clock; so that instead of reaching West Point at half past six, it was nearly twelve when the multitude assembled there announced our approach by a discharge of cannon.

As soon as the fog lifted, General Lafayette in the most enthusiastic language and manner pointed out Stony Point, and described the manner in which the British garrison was surprized and cap-

[2] A trip up the Hudson to Albany.

tured by "mad Anthony Wayne." As we approached the West Point wharf, cheers of citizens lining the banks echoed and reechoed from hill to hill, well-burnished muskets dazzled the eye, tall plumes nodded their greetings, the ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring drum, and the loud bugle sent forth their loftiest notes, while the reverberating cheers filled the air with welcomes. The General was received by Colonel Thayer, and ascended the hill in a landau, escorted by the officers of the post, followed by the Revolutionary officers and a long procession of citizens. He was received by the cadets from their parade ground, and escorted to his marquee, where they paid him the marching salute. From the marquee he proceeded to the quarters of Generals Brown and Scott,[3] where he was presented to the ladies and partook of refreshments. From thence he was conducted to the library and introduced to the cadets. Dinner was served in the mess-room of the cadets, which had been splendidly decorated for the occasion. . . .

The day was in all respects a happy one: it is the greenest in my memory. General Lafayette's happiness took every conceivable form of expression. He made an early visit to the ruins of old Fort Putnam, where he had been stationed. Almost every scene and object served to recall incidents of the Revolution, of which he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. He pointed out the Robinson House, where General Washington, himself, and General Knox were breakfasting with Mrs. Arnold when the commander-in-chief received the

[3] General Jacob Brown, General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, and General Winfield Scott.

first news of Arnold's treason. Early in the day a committee of citizens arrived from Newburg, where General Lafayette was expected to dine, and where the citizens of Orange County *en masse* anxiously awaited his arrival. But he was too much delighted with West Point to be hurried away. An early dinner had been ordered, so that the impatient thousands at Newburgh might be gratified with a sight of the General before evening. The dinner, however, with the associations and remembrances it suggested, proved irresistible. Hour after hour passed, but the interest increased rather than diminished, and it was not until seven o'clock that the General could be prevailed to rise from the table. It was dark, therefore, when we reached Newburgh.

Upon landing, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued; troops were in line, but powerless to preserve order. The desire to see the nation's guest was uncontrollable. The huzzas of men mingled with the shrieks of women and the cries of children. All were eager to see, but everywhere good humor and kindness prevailed. The village was illuminated, and the occasion was honored by a ball and supper. The festivities of the evening, however, were saddened by the sudden death of Hector Seward (a cousin of the late Governor Seward[4]), who received a fatal kick from an excited horse. Notwithstanding the excitement and fatigues of the day and of the preceding night, General Lafayette was as cheerful and buoyant at the ballroom and at the supper-table as the youngest and gayest of the revelers.

[4] William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, who had died before Weed wrote his "Autobiography."

The General reembarked at one o'clock A.M. At half past two our approach was announced by a discharge of cannon from the bluff, just below the landing at Poughkeepsie. Large piles of seasoned wood, saturated with tar and turpentine, were kindled on that bluff, fed by hundreds of boys who had been entrusted with the duty, and were kept blazing high, filling the atmosphere with lurid flame and smoke until daylight. Soon after sunrise, a large concourse of the citizens of Poughkeepsie, with a military escort, arrived at the wharf. The General, on disembarking, was shown to a splendid barouche, and the procession moved to and through the village of Poughkeepsie, where congratulatory speeches were made and reciprocated. A large party sat down to a bountiful breakfast; and here, too, death has silenced tongues that were then eloquent. . . .

The party reembarked at ten o'clock, when the steamer proceeded up the river to the then beautiful residence of Governor Morgan Lewis, where the party landed, proceeded to his fine old mansion, and partook of a sumptuous collation. About two o'clock the steamer glided through the placid waters until between four and five o'clock, when she reached Clermont, the manor-house of Chancellor Livingston, of Revolutionary memory. On landing the General was received by a large body of freemasons, and was escorted by a military company from Hudson to the beautiful lawn in front of the manor-house, where the General was warmly welcomed by the master of the lodge with an appropriate speech. The afternoon was uncommonly beautiful; the scene and its associations were exceedingly impressive. Dinner was served in a

greenhouse or orangery, which formed a sort of balcony to the southern exposure of the manor-house. When the cloth was removed, and the evening came on, variegated lamps suspended from the orange-trees were lighted, producing a wonderfully brilliant and beautiful effect.

But the grand event of the occasion was the ball, which was opened by General Lafayette, who gracefully led out the venerable and blind widow of General Montgomery—who fell in the assault of Quebec in 1775—amid the wildest enthusiasm of all present. While the festivities were progressing within, the assembled tenantry, who were "to the manor born," were feasted upon the lawn, where there was music and dancing. The party broke up and returned to the boat about 3 A. M. The steamer hauled out into the river, but did not get under way until sunrise.

We reached Catskill at seven o'clock. A large procession, civic and military, awaited the General's arrival at the landing. General Lafayette and the Revolutionary officers were seated in open barouches, and the procession moved through the main street for more than a mile, affording the dense mass of men, women, and children the great happiness of seeing the compatriot and friend of Washington. Several beautiful arches, profusely drest with flags, flowers, and evergreens, each one bearing the inscription, "Welcome, Lafayette," were thrown across the street. In the center of the village a brief address was made, to which the General responded. After this he was escorted in the same order to the boat, and at eleven o'clock he reached Hudson, where a hearty welcome awaited the General. Not only the citizens of Columbia,

but many of the inhabitants of Berkshire County, Mass., were present, whose acclamations, as General Lafayette was seen upon the main deck of the steamer, made the welkin ring. The ceremonies and festivities at Hudson consumed between three and four hours. A committee, consisting of the most distinguished citizens of Albany, awaited the General's arrival at Hudson, anxious that the steamer should reach Albany before dark, preparations having been made for a magnificent reception. But in this the Albanians were disappointed, for, on account of the low water above Coeyman's, the steamer's progress was so slow that it was quite dark when she reached Albany. What was lost, however, in one respect was gained in another, for between the illuminations and torches the procession, from Lydius Street landing to the Capitol, was alike brilliant and impressive.

The excursion from New York to Albany occupied three days, and afforded to all who enjoyed it an interest and a happiness more complete and more touching than tongue or pen can describe.

II

THE RECEPTION IN WASHINGTON AND ELSEWHERE

BY THOMAS H. BENTON[1]

In the summer of this year General Lafayette, accompanied by his son, Mr. George Washington Lafayette, and under an invitation from the President, revisited the United States after a lapse of forty years. He was received with unbounded honor, affection, and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution, it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle; and combining all the titles to love, admiration, gratitude, enthusiasm, which could act upon the heart and the imagination of the young and the ardent.

He visited every State in the Union, doubled in number since, as the friend and pupil of Washington, he had spilt his blood, and lavished his fortune, for their independence. His progress through the States was a triumphal procession, such as no Roman ever led up—a procession not through a city, but over a continent—followed, not by captives in chains of iron, but by a nation in the bonds of affection. To him it was an unexpected and overpowering reception. His modest estimate of himself had not allowed him to suppose that he was to electrify a continent. He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet

[1] From Benton's "Thirty Years' View."

with surviving friends—not to rouse a young generation. As he approached the harbor of New York he made inquiry of some acquaintance to know whether he could find a hack to convey him to a hotel? Illustrious man, and modest as illustrious! Little did he know that all America was on foot to receive him—to take possession of him the moment he touched her soil—to fetch and to carry him—to feast and applaud him—to make him the guest of cities, States, and the nation, as long as he could be detained.

Many were the happy meetings which he had with old comrades, survivors for nearly half a century of their early hardships and dangers; and most grateful to his heart it was to see them, so many of them, exceptions to the maxim which denies to the beginners of revolutions the good fortune to conclude them (and of which maxim his own country had just been so sad an exemplification), and to see his old comrades not only conclude the one they began, but live to enjoy its fruits and honors. Three of his old associates he found ex-presidents (Adams, Jefferson, and Madison), enjoying the respect and affection of their country, after having reached its highest honors. Another, and the last one that Time would admit to the Presidency (Mr. Monroe), now in the Presidential chair, and inviting him to revisit the land of his adoption. Many of his early associates seen in the two Houses of Congress—many in the State governments, and many more in all the walks of private life, patriarchal sires, respected for their characters, and venerated for their patriotic services. It was a grateful spectacle, and the more impressive from the calamitous fate which he had

seen attend so many of the revolutionary patriots of the Old World. But the enthusiasm of the young generation astonished and excited him, and gave him a new view of himself—a future glimpse of himself—and such as he would be seen in after ages. Before *them,* he was in the presence of posterity; and in their applause and admiration he saw his own future place in history, passing down to the latest times as one of the most perfect and beautiful characters which one of the most eventful periods of the world had produced. . . .

He was received in both Houses of Congress with equal honor; but the Houses did not limit themselves to honors: they added substantial rewards for long past services and sacrifices—two hundred thousand dollars in money, and twenty-four thousand acres of fertile land in Florida. These noble grants did not pass without objection —objection to the principle, not to the amount. The ingratitude of republics is the theme of any declaimer: it required a Tacitus to say, that gratitude was the death of republics, and the birth of monarchies; and it belongs to the people of the United States to exhibit an exception to that profound remark (as they do to so many other lessons of history), and show a young republic that knows how to be grateful without being unwise, and is able to pay the debt of gratitude without giving its liberties in the discharge of the obligation. . . .

Loaded with honors, and with every feeling of his heart gratified in the noble reception he had met in the country of his adoption, Lafayette returned to the country of his birth the following summer, still as the guest of the United States,

and under its flag. He was carried back in a national ship of war, the new frigate *Brandywine* —a delicate compliment (in the name and selection of the ship) from the new President, Mr. Adams, Lafayette having wet with his blood the sanguinary battle-field which takes its name from the little stream which gave it first to the field, and then to the frigate. Mr. Monroe, then a subaltern in the service of the United States, was wounded at the same time. How honorable to themselves and to the American people, that nearly fifty years afterward, they should again appear together, and in exalted station; one as President, inviting the other to the great republic, and signing the acts which testified a nation's gratitude; the other as a patriot hero, tried in the revolutions of two countries, and resplendent in the glory of virtuous and consistent fame.

THE DUEL BETWEEN CLAY AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

(1826)

BY THOMAS H. BENTON[1]

It was Saturday, the first day of April, toward noon, the Senate not being that day in session, that Mr. Randolph came to my room at Brown's Hotel, and (without explaining the reason of the question) asked me if I was a blood-relation of Mrs. Clay? I answered that I was, and he immediately replied that that put an end to a request which he had wished to make of me; and then went on to tell me that he had just received a challenge from Mr. Clay, had accepted it, was ready to go out, and would apply to Col. Tatnall to be his second. Before leaving, he told me he would make my bosom the depository of a secret which he should commit to no other person: it was, that he did not intend to fire at Mr. Clay. He told it to me because he wanted a witness of his intention, and did not mean to tell it to his second or anybody else; and enjoined inviolable secrecy until the duel was over. This was the first notice I had of the affair. The circumstances of the delivery of the challenge I had from General Jesup, Mr. Clay's second, and they were so perfectly characteristic of Mr. Randolph that I give them in detail, and in the General's own words:

[1] From Benton's "Thirty Years' View."

"I accordingly informed Mr. Randolph that I was the bearer of a message from Mr. Clay in consequence of an attack which he had made upon his private as well as public character in the Senate; that I was aware no one had the right to question him out of the Senate for anything said in debate, unless he chose voluntarily to waive his privileges as a member of that body. Mr. Randolph replied, that the Constitution did protect him, but he would never shield himself under such a subterfuge as the pleading of his privileges as a Senator from Virginia; that he did hold himself accountable to Mr. Clay; but he said that gentleman had first two pledges to redeem: one that he had bound himself to fight any member of the House of Representatives, who should acknowledge himself the author of a certain publication in a Philadelphia paper; and the other, that he stood pledged to establish certain facts in regard to a great man, whom he would not name; but, he added he could receive no verbal message from Mr. Clay—that any message from him must be in writing.

"I replied that I was not authorized by Mr. Clay to enter into or receive any verbal explanations—that the inquiries I had made were for my own satisfaction and upon my own responsibility—that the only message of which I was the bearer was in writing. I then presented the note, and remarked that I knew nothing of Mr. Clay's pledges; but that if they existed as he (Mr. Randolph) understood them, and he was aware of them when he made the attack complained of, he could not avail himself of them—that by making the attack I thought he had waived them himself. He said he had not the remotest intention of taking advantage

of the pledges referred to; that he had mentioned them merely to remind me that he was waiving his privilege, not only as a Senator from Virginia, but as a private gentleman; that he was ready to respond to Mr. Clay, and would be obliged to me if I would bear his note in reply; and that he would in the course of the day look out for a friend.

"I declined being the bearer of his note, but informed him my only reason for declining was, that I thought he owed it to himself to consult his friends before taking so important a step. He seized my hand, saying, 'You are right, sir. I thank you for the suggestion; but as you do not take my note, you must not be impatient if you should not hear from me to-day. I now think of only two friends, and there are circumstances connected with one of them which may deprive me of his services, and the other is in bad health—he was sick yesterday, and may not be out to-day.' I assured him that any reasonable time which he might find necessary to take would be satisfactory. I took leave of him; and it is due to his memory to say that his bearing was, throughout the interview, that of a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman of the old school."

These were the circumstances of the delivery of the challenge, and the only thing necessary to give them their character is to recollect that, with this prompt acceptance and positive refusal to explain, there was a perfect determination not to fire at Mr. Clay. That determination rested on two grounds; first, an entire unwillingness to hurt Mr. Clay; and, next, a conviction that to return the fire would be to answer, and would be an implied acknowledg-

ment of Mr. Clay's right to make him answer. This he would not do, neither by implication nor in words. He denied the right of any person to question him out of the Senate for words spoken within it. He took a distinction between man and senator. As senator he had a constitutional immunity, given for a wise purpose, and which he would neither surrender nor compromise; as individual he was ready to give satisfaction for what was deemed an injury. He would receive, but not return a fire. It was as much as to say: Mr. Clay may fire at me for what has offended him; I will not, by returning the fire, admit his right to do so. This was a subtle distinction, and that in case of life and death, and not very clear to the common intellect; but to Mr. Randolph both clear and convincing. . . .

The "two friends" alluded to were Colonel Tatnall and myself, and the circumstances which might disqualify one of the two were those of my relationship to Mrs. Clay, of which he did not know the degree, and whether of affinity or consanguinity—considering the first no obstacle, the other a complete bar to my appearing as his second—holding, as he did, with the tenacity of an Indian,[2] to the obligations of blood, and laying but little stress on marriage connections. His affable reception and courteous demeanor to General Jesup were according to his own high breeding, and the decorum which belonged to such occasions. A duel in the circle to which he belonged was "an affair of honor"; and high honor, according to its code, must pervade every part of it. General Jesup

[2] Randolph, it will be remembered, was a descendant of Pocahontas.

had come upon an unpleasant business. Mr. Randolph determined to put him at his ease; and did it so effectually as to charm him into admiration. The whole plan of his conduct, down to contingent details, was cast in his mind instantly, as if by intuition, and never departed from. The acceptance, the refusal to explain, the determination not to fire, the first and second choice of a friend, and the circumstances which might disqualify one and delay the other, the additional cut, and the resolve to fall, if he fell, on the soil of Virginia—was all, to his mind, a single emanation, the flash of an instant. He needed no consultations, no deliberations to arrive at all these important conclusions. I dwell upon these small circumstances because they are characteristic, and show the man—a man who belongs to history, and had his own history, and should be known as he was. That character can only be shown in his own conduct, his own words and acts: and this duel with Mr. Clay illustrates it at many points.

The acceptance of the challenge was in keeping with the whole proceeding—prompt in the agreement to meet, exact in protesting against the *right* to call him out, clear in the waiver of his constitutional privilege, brief and cogent in presenting the case as one of some reprehension—the case of a member of an administration[3] challenging a Senator for words spoken in debate of that administration; and all in brief, terse, and superlatively decorous language.

The afternoon of Saturday, the 8th of April, was fixt upon for the time; the right bank of the

[3] Clay was then Secretary of State in the administration of John Quincy Adams.

Potomac, within the State of Virginia, above the Little Falls bridge, was the place—pistols the weapons—distance ten paces; each party to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon, and myself at liberty to attend as a mutual friend. There was to be no practising with pistols, and there was none; and the words "one," "two," "three," "stop," after the word "fire," were, by agreement between the seconds, and for the humane purpose of reducing the result as near as possible to chance, to be given out in quick succession. The Virginia side of the Potomac was taken at the instance of Mr. Randolph. He went out as a Virginia Senator, refusing to compromise that character, and, if he fell in defense of its rights, Virginia soil was to him the chosen ground to receive his blood. There was a statute of the State against dueling within her limits; but, as he merely went out to receive a fire without returning it, he deemed that no fighting, and hence no breach of her statute. This reason for choosing Virginia could only be explained to me, as I was the depository of his secret.

The week's delay which the seconds had contrived was about expiring. It was Friday evening, or rather night, when I went to see Mr. Clay for the last time before the duel. There had been some alienation between us since the time of the Presidential election in the House of Representatives, and I wished to give evidence that there was nothing personal in it. The family were in the parlor —company present—and some of it stayed late. The youngest child, I believe James, went to sleep on the sofa—a circumstance which availed me for a purpose the next day. Mrs. Clay was, as always since the death of her daughter, the picture of

desolation, but calm, conversable, and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the impending event. When all were gone, and she also had left the parlor, I did what I came for, and said to Mr. Clay, that, notwithstanding our late political differences, my personal feelings toward him were the same as formerly, and that, in whatever concerned his life or honor my best wishes were with him. He exprest his gratification at the visit and the declaration, and said it was what he would have expected of me. We parted at midnight.

Saturday, the 8th of April—the day for the duel—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to take place at 4.30 o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph before the hour, and for a purpose; and, besides, it was so far on the way, as he lived half way to Georgetown, and we had to pass through that place to cross the Potomac into Virginia at the Little Falls bridge. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire since the first communication to that effect, eight days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word. His sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it.

So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next

night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother," and went on with his employment—(his seconds being engaged in their preparations in a different room)—which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends; the bequests slight in value, but invaluable in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression, and always appropriate to the receiver. To Mr. Macon he gave some English shillings, to keep the game when he played whist. His namesake, John Randolph Bryan, then at school in Baltimore, and since married to his niece, had been sent for to see him, but sent off before the hour for going out, to save the boy from a possible shock at seeing him brought back.

He wanted some gold—that coin not being then in circulation, and only to be obtained by favor or purchase—and sent his faithful man, Johnny, to the United States Branch Bank to get a few pieces, American being the kind asked for. . . .

He delivered me a sealed paper, which I was to open if he was killed—give back to him if he was not; also an open slip, which I was to read before I got to the ground. This slip was a request to feel in his left breeches pocket, if he was killed, and find so many pieces of gold—I believe nine—take three for myself, and give the same number to Tatnall and Hamilton each, to make seals to wear in remembrance of him. We were all three at Mr. Randolph's lodgings then, and soon sat out, Mr. Randolph and his seconds in a carriage, I following him on horseback.

The preparations for the duel were finished; the parties went to their places; and I went forward to a piece of rising ground, from which I could see what passed and hear what was said. The faithful Johnny followed me close, speaking not a word, but evincing the deepest anxiety for his beloved master. The place was a thick forest, and the immediate spot a little depression, or basin, in which the parties stood. The principals saluted each other courteously as they took their stands. Col. Tatnall had won the choice of position, which gave to Gen. Jesup the delivery of the word. They stood on a line east and west—a small stump just behind Mr. Clay; a low gravelly bank rose just behind Mr. Randolph. This latter asked Gen. Jesup to repeat the word as he would give it; and while in the act of doing so, and Mr. Randolph adjusting the butt of his pistol to his hand, the muzzle pointing downward, and almost to the ground, it fired. Instantly Mr. Randolph turned to Col. Tatnall and said: "I protested against that hair trigger." Col. Tatnall took blame to himself for having sprung the hair. Mr. Clay had not then received his pistol. Senator Johnson, of Louisiana (Josiah), one of his seconds, was carrying it to him, and still several steps from him.

This untimely fire, tho clearly an accident, necessarily gave rise to some remarks, and a species of inquiry, which was conducted with the utmost delicacy, but which, in itself, was of a nature to be inexpressibly painful to a gentleman's feelings. Mr. Clay stopped it with the generous remark that the fire was clearly an accident; and it was so unanimously declared. Another pistol was immediately furnished; and exchange of shots took place, and,

happily, without effect upon the persons. Mr. Randolph's bullet struck the stump behind Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's knocked up the earth and gravel behind Mr. Randolph, and in a line with the level of his hips, both bullets having gone so true and close that it was a marvel how they missed.

The moment had come for me to interpose. I went in among the parties and offered my mediation; but nothing could be done. Mr. Clay said, with that wave of the hand with which he was accustomed to put away a trifle, *"This is child's play!"* and required another fire. Mr. Randolph also demanded another fire. The seconds were directed to reload. While this was doing I prevailed on Mr. Randolph to walk away from his post, and renewed to him, more pressingly than ever, my importunities to yield to some accommodation; but I found him more determined than I had ever seen him, and for the first time impatient, and seemingly annoyed and dissatisfied at what I was doing. He was indeed annoyed and dissatsified. The accidental fire of his pistol preyed upon his feelings. He was doubly chagrined at it, both as a circumstance susceptible in itself of an unfair interpretation, and as having been the immediate and controlling cause of his firing at Mr. Clay. He regretted this fire the instant it was over. He felt that it had subjected him to imputations from which he knew himself to be free—a desire to kill Mr. Clay, and a contempt for the laws of his beloved State; and the annoyances which he felt at these vexatious circumstances revived his original determination, and decided him irrevocably to carry it out.

It was in this interval that he told me what he had heard since we parted. It was to this effect: That he had been informed by Col. Tatnall that it was proposed to give out the words with more deliberateness, so as to prolong the time for taking aim. This information grated harshly upon his feelings. It unsettled his purpose, and brought his mind to the inquiry (as he now told me, and as I found it exprest in the note which he had immediately written in pencil to apprize me of his possible change), whether, under these circumstances, he might not "disable" his adversary? . . .

But he declared to me that he had not aimed at the life of Mr. Clay; that he did not level as high as the knees—not higher than the knee-band; "for it was no mercy to shoot a man in the knee"; that his only object was to disable him and spoil his aim. And then added, with a beauty of expression and a depth of feeling which no studied oratory can ever attain, and which I shall never forget, these impressive words: *"I would not have seen him fall mortally, or even doubtfully wounded, for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams."*

He left me to resume his post, utterly refusing to explain out of the Senate any thing that he had said in it, and with the positive declaration that he would not return the next fire. I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixt on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, *"I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay";* and immediately advancing and offering his

hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met half way, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, *"You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay"*—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, *"I am glad the debt is no greater."* I had come up, and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair; and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought.

I stopt to sup with Mr. Randolph and his friends—none of us wanted dinner that day—and had a characteristic time of it. A runner came in from the bank to say that they had overpaid him, by mistake, $130 that day. He answered, *"I believe it is your rule not to correct mistakes, except at the time, and at your counter."* And with that answer the runner had to return. When gone, Mr. Randolph said, *"I will pay it on Monday; people must be honest, if banks are not."* He asked for the sealed paper he had given me, opened it, took out a check for $1,000, drawn in my favor, and with which I was requested to have him carried, if killed, to Virginia, and buried under his patrimonial oaks—not let him be buried at Washington, with an hundred hacks after him.

He took the gold from his left breeches pocket, and said to us (Hamilton, Tatnall, and I), "Gentlemen, Clay's bad shooting sha'n't rob you of your seals. I am going to London, and will have them made for you"; which he did, and most characteristically, so far as mine was concerned. He went to the herald's office in London and inquired for the Benton family, of which I had often

told him there was none, as we only dated on that side from my grandfather in North Carolina. But the name was found, and with it a coat of arms —among the quarterings a lion rampant. That is the family, said he; and had the arms engraved on the seal, the same which I have habitually worn; and added the motto, *Factis non verbis;* of which he was afterward accustomed to say the *non* should be changed into *et.*

But, enough. I run into these details, not merely to relate an event, but to show character; and if I have not done it, it is not for want of material, but of ability to use it.

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed, and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals.

DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON ON THE SAME DAY

(1826)

BY THOMAS H. BENTON[1]

Mr. John Adams and Mr. Jefferson—two of the most eminent political men of the Revolution, who, entering public life together, died on the same day—July 4th, 1826—exactly fifty years after they had both put their hands to that Declaration of Independence which placed a new nation upon the theater of the world. Doubtless there was enough of similitude in their lives and deaths to excuse the belief in the interposition of a direct providence, and to justify the feeling of mysterious reverence with which the news of their coincident demise was received throughout the country.

The parallel between them was complete. Born nearly at the same time, Mr. Adams the elder, they took the same course in life—with the same success—and ended their earthly career at the same time, and in the same way: in the regular course of nature, in the repose and tranquillity of retirement, in the bosom of their families, and on the soil which their labors had contributed to make free.

Born, one in Massachusetts, the other in Virginia, they both received liberal educations, em-

[1] From Benton's "Thirty Years' View."

braced the same profession (that of the law), mixed literature and science with their legal studies and pursuits, and entered early into the ripening contest with Great Britain—first in their counties and States, and then on the broader field of the General Congress of the Confederated Colonies. They were both members of the Congress which declared Independence—both of the committee which reported the Declaration—both signed it—were both employed in foreign missions—both became Vice-Presidents—and both became Presidents. They were both working men; and, in the great number of efficient laborers in the cause of Independence which the Congresses of the Revolution contained, they were doubtless the two most efficient—and Mr. Adams the more so of the two. He was, as Mr. Jefferson styled him, "the Colossus" of the Congress—speaking, writing, counseling—a member of ninety different committees, and (during his three years' service) chairman of twenty-five—chairman also of the board of war and board of appeals: his soul on fire with the cause, left no rest to his head, hands, or tongue.

Mr. Jefferson drew the Declaration of Independence, but Mr. Adams was "the pillar of its support, and its ablest advocate and defender," during the forty days it was before the Congress. In the letter which he wrote that night to Mrs. Adams (for, after all the labors of the day, and such a day, he could still write to her), he took a glowing view of the future, and used those expressions, "gloom" and "glory," which his son repeated in the paragraph of his message to Congress in relation to the deaths of the two ex-Presidents, which I have heard criticized by those who did not know

their historical allusion, and could not feel the force and beauty of their application. They were words of hope and confidence when he wrote them, and of history when he died. "I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this Declaration, and to support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory!" and he lived to see it—to see the glory—with the bodily, as well as with the mental eye. And (for the great fact will bear endless repetition) it was he that conceived the idea of making Washington commander-in-chief, and prepared the way for his unanimous nomination.

In the division of parties which ensued the establishment of the federal government, Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson differed in systems of policy, and became heads of opposite divisions, but without becoming either unjust or unkind to each other. Mr. Adams sided with the party discriminated as federal; and in that character became the subject of political attacks, from which his competitor generously defended him, declaring that "a more perfectly honest man never issued from the hands of his Creator"; and, tho opposing candidates for the Presidency, neither would have any thing to do with the election, which they considered a question between the systems of policy which they represented, and not a question between themselves.

Mr. Jefferson became the head of the party then called Republican—now Democratic; and in that character became the founder of the political school which has since chiefly prevailed in the United States. He was a statesman: that is to say, a

man capable of conceiving measures useful to the country and to mankind—able to recommend them to adoption, and to administer them when adopted. I have seen many politicians—a few statesmen—and, of these few, he their preeminent head. He was a republican by nature and constitution, and gave proofs of it in the legislation of his State, as well as in the policy of the United States. He was no speaker, but a most instructive and fascinating talker; and the Declaration of Independence, even if it had not been sistered by innumerable classic productions, would have placed him at the head of political writers. I never saw him but once, when I went to visit him in his retirement; and then I felt, for four hours, the charms of his bewitching talk. I was then a young senator, just coming on the stage of public life—he a patriarchal statesman just going off the stage of natural life, and evidently desirous to impress some views of policy upon me—a design in which he certainly did not fail. I honor him as a patriot of the Revolution—as one of the Founders of the Republic—as the founder of the political school to which I belong; and for the purity of character which he possest in common with his compatriots, and which gives to the birth of the United States a beauty of parentage which the genealogy of no other nation can show.

END OF VOL. V